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OR,

Compendium of Entertaining Knowledge.

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Biographical Sketch of Mr. Braham. (With a Portrait.)

AMONG the various offices of literary occupation, there is no task more pleasing than to commemorate the gradual advance of unpresuming merit, and its final triumph over those obstacles which it never fails to meet with in the paths of the world. In the course of the present sketch, the reader must not be disappointed, if he find no history of fictious intrigues, no menial cabals, no adulatory research of patronage, and no venal prostitution of talent. A plain, honest diligence, a careful refinement of natural endowments, a firm respect for his own fame, and a complacent attention to the wishes of the public; these, engrafted on an ardent desire TO EXCEL, have raised to an early, and (we believe, in every candid opinion) a just eminence, the person of whom we here offer a few brief anecdotes.

John Braham became an orphan in his earliest years, but the affectionate care of a near relation prevented him from feeling the importance of his misfortune. Leoni, whose musical powers the public yet remember with delight, and who united with uncommon talents a truly philanthropic temper, beheld, in the friendless infant, a proper object for his protection. Happily devoid of that jealousy, which looks with a jaundiced eye on every prospect of a rival, however distant, a failing of which the history of professional men,—alas! of every kind, affords too many examples, he witnessed, with unfeigned pleasure, the first disclosure of those singular musical faculties, which have since, with so successful cultivation, attained their full maturity and strength.

Mr. Braham, at the age of twelve years, began the study of music, and with such closeness of application did the natural bent of genius prompt him to pursue his acquisitions, that he soon outstripped his patron's powers of instruction, and even surpassed him so far, as to become in turn the instructor. Leoni's songs acquired new graces from the suggestions of his extraordinary pupil. In truth, although endowed with an extreme correctness of ear, and an unrivalled tone of voice,* Leoni was by no

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* Leoni's tone of voice was that which by the *cognoscenti* is termed a falsetto. Nature had imparted to it that quality of sound, which in some other countries the brutal ingenuity of enfeebled luxury has not scrupled to procure by the most cruel and ignominious methods: a practice which debased the art that effected it. This unnatural custom is said to have been put a stop to in Italy, during the late predominance of the French. May it be finally abolished, and, for the honour of human nature, forgotten!

means a profound muſician: he poſſeſſed however ſtrength of judgment requiſite to appreciate his own abilities, and liberally provided a more ſcientific and more ſuitable maſter, to ſecond the promiſing efforts of juvenile induſtry.

The young ſongſter, when about fifteen, made his firſt appearance at the Royalty theatre, then under the management of the late mr. John Palmer; at which time there was a peculiar ſweetneſs of execution, that he was able to accompliſh moſt of the bravura ſongs at that time ſung by madame Mara. Many of our readers will recollect his performance of 'The Soldier tir'd of War's alarms.' But, two years afterwards, by the change in the vocal organs, which frequently accompanies the commencement of adult age, he was for ſome time deprived of every means of making a further progreſs in the public favour.

Unfortunately, at the ſame period, his protector found it requiſite, on account of domeſtic concerns, to leave England for Jamaica, and mr. Braham perceived himſelf, a ſecond time, an orphan. In this emergency, his fortunes found a ſhelter in the friendſhip of the Goldſmids, a family of very great reſpectability in London. Under their auſpices, he became a teacher on the piano forte, which employment produced him an income of about three hundred pounds per annum. His inclinations, however, ſtill led them to the practiſe of vocal, in preference to inſtrumental muſic. He employed the utmoſt ſolicited in endeavouring to regain the powers of his voice, and in the numerous muſical ſocieties which he frequented, he exerted every nerve to recal his excellence.

At one of theſe meetings he accidentally became acquainted with mr. Aſhe, the celebrated performer on the flute, who, ſtruck with his vocal abilities, and prophecying his future eminence, eaſily perſuaded him to accept the proffer of an engagement at Bath.—Accordingly, at the beginning of the winter ſeaſon of 1794, he made his appearance, and his firſt eſſay, as a tenor ſinger, at the Bath concerts, which were conducted by that friend, and maſter of the muſical art, Rauzzini.

Of this man, though barely to make mention be ſufficient for fame, the grateful ſentiments of every child of muſic, will, we believe, ſtart forward to accompany us, while we offer a paſſing tribute to his character. Rauzzini, long ſince poſſeſſed of the favour of the public as a ſinger, and conſpicious as a compoſer, preferring the retirement of Bath, and giving celebrity to the little adjacent hill of Hungity lands,* appears, in the fair horizon of that city, as the inſpiring genius of melody, and in her muſical orgies, he is the miniſtering prieſt. Accompliſhed in all the learning, and all the graces of his art, he imparts the light of his mind to every profeſſional ſtudent, whom a requiſite degree of talents entitles to ſeek his aſſiſtance. His houſe is by degrees become a kind of muſical lyceum, and a ſinger untutored by Rauzzini, appears but half accompliſhed. In fact, the moſt eminent among the favourites of the public of the preſent moment, are found in the liſt of his ſcholars.

To the improvement acquired at his lyceum, the ſingular liberality of the maſter's diſpoſition, has, moreover, appended advantages, ſeldom attendant on other ſchools. Without any greater reſource of fortune, than thoſe which the eminence of his talents lays open to him; he receives and entertains, in his hoſpitable manſion, thoſe very ſtudents who come to him for the purpoſe of profiting by his inſtructions. Every profeſſional

N O T E.

* Where mr. R. has a ſmall villa, and where he reſides during the ſummer months.

perſon

perſon finds a home at Rauzzini's. After what has been related, it is almoſt unneceſſary to ſay that he is beloved as he is reſpected, and is no leſs the delight than the ornament of the claſs to which he belongs.

Mr. Braham no ſooner appeared at the concerts at Bath, than he became the pupil of Rauzzini, and it is to his friendly, zealous, and judicious leſſons, that the leading features of mr. Braham's excellence owe their form and name. The character which that maſter gave to the exertion of his powers, has accompanied him through all his ſubſequent labours. Amidſt the refinements of Italy, the ſcientific capariſon of Germany, or the more rude and ſimple pathos of our own national ſtrains, the ſame taſteful diſpoſition has been invariably predominant.*

In this uſeful ſchool he was more than ever diligent in the purſuit of his art, and his fame, re-echoed to the metropolis, induced the ever admired and ever regretted Stephen Storace to take a journey to Bath on purpoſe to hear him. That ſagacious obſerver, quickly convinced of his merits, by conſent of the managers of Drury-lane, made an engagement with him to ſing for a limited number of evenings at that theatre, and the young favourite came to London to make his firſt appearance, accordingly, in the ſpring of 1796; an epoch memorable to the public, by the acquiſition of ſo extraordinary a ſinger, and by the loſs of no leſs extraordinary a compoſer.

While the ſcenery of a new opera was preparing, Stephen Storace, he whoſe anxious and ambitious diligence had provided for the public new ſtores of muſical gratification, he who, (till the preſent moment) had ſo long fought in vain, a freſh ſcope for the energy of induſtry and ever-teeming genius;—he, alas! ſunk, conſcious of yet unfolded talents, to his early grave. His death paralyſed the work which was then proceeding at the theatre, but did not prevent its production in an incomplete ſtate. Mr. Sheridan made profeſſions of an intention to render the new opera advantageous to the compoſer's widow, and, with the friendly aſſiſtance of Kelly, and ſome additional muſic ſelected by Signora Storace, the compoſers's ſiſter, mr. Braham finally made his entrée in *Mahmoud*. This was a compoſition deſigned to combine the pathos of tragedy, with the ſplendors of pageantry, the mirth of farce, and the ſyren charms of melody. Mr. Braham's appearance was made by the opening of a pavilion, at the entrance of which he preſented himſelf, (as a Perſian prince habited for the chaſe, and juſt alighted from it) ſtanding in the front of a beautiful white Arabian courſer, which was then the property of the theatre. The coup d'œil was impreſſive, the young performer advanced amidſt the plaudits of the ſpectators, and the diſplay of his muſical powers gratified their moſt ſanguine expectations. The tone of his voice was naturally of the moſt pleaſing quality, and its various modulations were not more ſuited to delight the ear than to intereſt the feelings. Its expreſſion was every where pathetic, and the more to enforce its powers in this reſpect, he exhibited an articulation of words which, while wholly free from harſhneſs, was perfectly clear, diſtinct, and intelligible in the moſt diſtant parts of the theatre. In this laſt point, to uſe the words of one of the ſageſt and ſoundeſt critics of the day, 'he appeared a phenome-

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* As a ſtill more ſtriking inſtance of a truly liberal mind, it deſerves to be mentioned that, after graciouſly receiving into his houſe and inſtructing mr. Braham for nearly three years, when mr. B. afterwards ſung at his annual concert, Rauzzini inſiſted on his receiving a very ample payment for that exerſion of his talents. 'Bluſh, grandeur, bluſh!'

non in the muſical world.' His voice thus eloquently impreſſive, and breathing the ſweeteſt melodies endeared by the recent memory of departed genius, produced an effect on the public which may be more eaſily called to the recollection of thoſe who were preſent, than deſcribed to others.

In the ſame year in which he appeared at Drury-Lane theatre, mr. Braham likewiſe ſung at Solomon's concert, Honover-ſquare, the oratorios, &c. every where crowned with the applauſes of his enraptured audience. Yet ſuch is the humility of real genius, and, at the ſame time, ſo elevated are its conceptions and deſires of excellence, that, although at once eſtabliſhed as a public favourite, he thought his attainments and qualities unimportant, while there yet remained for him to ſeek in Italy the laſt and higheſt accompliſhments of his talents. For this purpoſe, therefore, he ſet out for the continent, and Signora Storace, our firſt comic ſinger, leaving England at the ſame time, he travelled in company with her; and, united by congenial talents, they reached Paris on the day preceding the memorable 18th of Fructidor. At Paris he wiſhed to have remained a few weeks only, but the unexpected, though not unpleaſing attention which he, as well as Signora Storace, experienced from the Pariſian public, detained him there for eight months, during which time, the concerts which they gave together where crowded at the price of a Louis for a ticket, though admittance to concerts in general was not more than ſix francs; and an offer was made to them of 1400 Louis per annum, if they would remain in Paris and ſuperintend the eſtabliſhment of an opera. But gold was not the object of our traveller's ambition. In the inſuing May, he took leave of his French friends, and ſet forwards for Italy, loaded with letters of recommendation and protection from the Directory to the various ambaſſadors of France in the Italian ſtates.

Mr. Braham's firſt engagement for the Italian ſtage was at Florence, where he received the higheſt complimentary eulogiums from perſons of all rank. From Florence he proceeded to Milan and Genoa, and accepted ſeveral ſucceſſive engagements, particularly at the latter City, where he was the more willingly detained, as, from the anxiety to omit nothing that might perfect his muſical ſkill, he had devoted himſelf to the ſtudy of compoſition, under the able *Maeſtro Iſola*, of whoſe ſchool he has ſince exhibited ſuch ſucceſsful ſpecimens.*

At this place he received offers alſo from the conductors of the theatre at Naples, but the troubled ſtate of the country did not make it deſirable to accept them, and he therefore directed his route to Leghorn, Venice, Trieſte, and, finally, to Hamburgh, every where accompanied with the moſt gratifying applauſe and admiration.†

At length, fatiated with foreign fame he panted to reviſit his native

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* It was during the ſiege of Genoa that he was there employed and it is for the honour of profeſſional talents, that, amidſt the horrors of war and national enmity, they were ſtill able to command ſecurity and reſpect.

† Marcheſi, the ſinger, whom he met at the opera at Milan, regretted that his time of life would not allow of his attending him through the various theatres of Italy; and the Florentines addreſſed an elegant compliment to him, in which they profeſſed to admire, in the inſtances of mrs. Billington, Signora Storace, and himſelf the ſingular change which had taken place in the relative pretenſions to excellence in vocal muſic, between their own country and England, to which latter they now owed the moſt diſtinguiſhed ſingers at their opera.

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country, from whence he had, by this time, received various folicitations for his return. He therefore found means to wave fome pending engagements with the theatres of Milan and Vienna and accepted one from Mr. Harris, at Covent-garden, where he appeared in the winter of 1801, in the opera of *Chains of the Heart*.

His attraction and fucceſs from the moment are too well known to render any farther hiſtory requiſite of him as a ſinger; but we have ſtill to mention him as a compoſer. In the opera of the *Cabinet*, afterwards produced at the ſame theatre, Mr. Braham compoſed his own ſongs, as well as ſome of thoſe ſung by Signora Storace and ſeveral other pieces of muſic. The ſucceſs of theſe was equal to his reputation. The ſame taſte, the ſame natural force and pathos, appeared to pervade the ſtyle of his writing as of his ſinging. He has ſince ſhewn a ſimilar ſpecimen of his abilities in the opera of *Family Quarrels*.

Offers where now again made to him from Germany and Italy, but Mr. Harris was too conſcious of the great advantages of his talents to let him be drawn away from his theatre. He was re-engaged to perform there for ſome of the enſuing ſeaſons.

Paſſing over the intervening period of mr. Braham's profeſſional life, for we have already tranſgreſſed thoſe limits which we uſually allow to ſubjects of this nature, we muſt accompany this exquiſite ſinger to Ireland. Perhaps we are indebted for the vocal treat which the lovers of harmony enjoy by the preſence of mr. Braham to the competition between the rival theatres of Jones and Johnſton, which has already produced ſuch excellent effects, and which promiſes to be ſo highly ſerviceable to the amuſements of the town. This we are inclined to ſuſpect is the caſe from the wretched ſtate, generally ſpeaking, of the theatre laſt winter. Jones has been put on his metal by the ſpirit and determination of Johnſton. The big words and ſwaggering aſſertions of the former, no longer waſted in air, have in ſome meaſure been realized by the ſplendid and coſtly appearance of his theatre. It is indeed a *chef d'œuvre* of its kind, for although we may laugh at the exaggerations of the newſpapers, though we think the ornaments too much crowded and the glitter infinitely too gaudy, it is plain that the patentee and the painter have erred on the ſide of liberality. Behind the curtain, things are pretty much in *ſtatu quo*, with the exception of Braham and Mountain, *ſtars*, to uſe the ſtage phraſe that ſhine brightly in the theatrical heavens.—We have loſt *(heu miſeranda urbs!)* Mrs. Maſon and her cicisbeo, Simpſon, who, ungrateful as they are, have croſſed the Atlantic in ſearch of more applauſe. Miſs Sheridan, it is ſaid, has alſo diſappeared, and we are glad of it, becauſe this pretty little creature would never ſucceed in her profeſſion, and ſhe was too virtuous to accept *ſucceſs* in any other way; but principally we are rejoiced, becauſe ſhe has made an honourable ſoldier happy by gifting him with her hand. But we muſt return to mr. Braham. We have heard a ſtory concerning this gentleman's engagement here, which, we own, is far from yielding us any gratification, and which if true, (we do not pledge ourſelves for the fact) puts this ſinger's honour in a very queſtionable ſhape. He will perceive that we allude to ſome engagement with mr. Henry Johnſton. We know not whether his honour was pledged, or whether there was a mutual underſtanding between the parties amounting virtually to a promiſe, and which one

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of them abſolutely ſuppoſed to conſtitute one, but we are given to underſtand, and we believe our authority is reſpectable, that there was ſome mutual miſconception between the parties, that does not redound much to the credit of ſome of thoſe concerned in the tranſaction. But it is for mr. Braham to explain his conduct, for he may be aſſured, that however the Iriſh may appreciate his merits, they have a moral and honeſt feeling in their nature, which will withhold ſupport from thoſe whoſe character may be unworthy of their favour.

As a ſinger, Mr. Braham ranks undoubtedly in the firſt claſs, melodious, powerful, and ſcientific—*he can do any thing* with his voice.—He was received with great applauſe, as was Mrs. Mountain on Monday evening in Lilla. She not only ſung but played the part with intereſt and comicality. In Catharine, mrs. Nunn ſeemed to recover her former powers—the remainder of the opera was ſupported indifferently.

We have one word to ſay of mr. H. Johnſton's theatre. It is very beautiful, admirably light, and promiſes a great fund of entertainment to the town. The ballet is ſuperior to any thing we ever witneſſed in Ireland. Indeed we had no idea that perſonal grace and the faſcination of the dance could be carried to ſuch a pitch of excellence the inimitable *corps* of D'Egville has done. The ballet of *Achille*, our readers know, is ſtrictly claſſical, and is one of thoſe exhibitions, even in the ſtory, which muſt gratify every intelligent mind. Indeed Des Hayes ſurpaſſed any thing that we had previouſly a conception of, and the beauty of madam Des Hayes and miſs Lupino's dancing muſt be ſeen to be appreciated.

Methodiſt Sunday Schools.

THERE has not been wanting, during the laſt few years a ſufficient number of authors both able and willing to warn the conſcientious part of the chriſtian world againſt the infection of the manners, and of methodiſt doctrines. But too many of their repreſentations have been deficient in that minuteneſs of colouring and punctuality of reference, which is neceſſary to give them any efficacious degree of force or authority.

The reader may laugh at the nonſenſe of ſuch enthuſiaſts, and deteſt their prophaneneſs without feeling any emotion of perſonal alarm, or any motive for individual exertion. It is only by a reference to fact too notorious to be diſputed, and too important to be diſregarded that the indolent and the timid can be awakened to activity.

It is uſeleſs to render methodiſm an object of abhorrence without pointing out the uſual mode of its open or inſidious attacks, and the moſt effectual means by which they may be repulſed or eluded. I ſhall leave therefore the taſk of analyſing the doctrines of methodiſm, and ridiculing its follies, to your abler correſpondents, and ſhall confine the object of this, and my ſucceeding letters, to an expoſition of their ſyſtematic attacks on real and rational religion.

The machinations of bigots in the early ages of chriſtianity were not more artful, or more dangerous than the intrigues and artifices of our modern devotees; and unleſs their progreſs be watched with the moſt anxious vigilance, and oppoſed by the collective energy of the rational part of the community, the time is not far diſtant when we ſhall be condemned to witneſs the proſtration of our civil and religious eſta-

bliſhments

bliſhments before the unhallowed footſteps triumphant methodiſm.

It is impoſſible to contemplate the poſſibility of ſuch a revolution, even in a political point of view, without feeling ourſelves impelled by every moral and ſocial duty to exert our influence and abilities to avert it. The dangers to be dreaded from the eventual ſucceſs of a claſs of chriſtians ſo numerous, and ſo bigoted, ſo admirably organized for all the purpoſes of oppreſſion and intolerance and ſo hoſtile to every principle of religious and political liberty, are of a nature too alarming to permit even the charitable to heſitate, or the timid to be inactive. It is to be feared that if they were once admitted to the undiſturbed enjoyment of ſpiritual power, they would ſoon aſpire to the higher honours of legiſlative dignity. Our ſenate would once more be degraded into a theatre of polemic diſputation; the adminiſtration of juſtice would again be veſted in the hands of the delirious victims of fanatic frenzy, and the ancient and legal honours of our hereditary nobility would be uſurped by a vulgar, canting, and illiterate multitude.

The firſt objects to which I would beg leave to call your attention are methodiſt ſunday-ſchools. Theſe are uſually eſtabliſhed with the ſanction of the church, and aſſiſted by the voluntary contributions of its members. Every attempt to enforce the peculiar doctrines of methodiſm, or to alienate the minds of their pupils from the eſtabliſhed church is poſitively diſclaimed by their conductors. The wealthy and orthodox inhabitants of every town are ſolicited to contribute their aſſiſtance to a charity, uninfluenced by any ſpirit of ſectarianiſm, and deſigned for the mutual benefit of the lower claſſes of every perſuaſion. The object of this declaration is ſufficiently evident. Without the pecuniary contributions of their fellow-chriſtians, theſe ſeminaries of hypocriſy and uncharitableneſs could not be ſupported. Whatever abhorrence the methodiſts may profeſs for the other abominations of the church, they feel no reluctance to participate in its revenues; and they are neither afraid, nor aſhamed to apply the ſpoils of its benevolence, and credulity, to the ſeduction of its infant members, and the degradation of its moſt ſacred offices.

No ſooner has a ſufficient ſum been collected for the ſupport of the eſtabliſhment, and the children been actually committed to the care of their ſpiritual ſuperintendants, than all their promiſes are forgotten. The firſt book that is put into the hands of the children is Weſley's hymns, or a volume of ſelect extracts from the methodiſt magazine. The hour before church time (when the children are permitted to attend 'that temple of abominations') is ſpent in liſtening to the exhortations of ſome groaning ſhoemaker, who does not fail to inſinuate that the only road to ſalvation is to be found in the circle of the methodiſts, that going to church is a uſeleſs, but neceſſary form, unproductive of ſatisfaction to ourſelves, and unacceptable to the Deity. Theſe inſinuations are not hazarded indeed without a due degree of caution and circumlocution, but the precepts that they contain leave a diſtinct and indelible impreſſion on the minds of his youthful hearers. Nor is the evil counteracted by the influence of their parents, who are generally too poor to give their children a moderate education, and who would ſooner ſee them converted to methodiſm than deprive them of the advantages of inſtruction. Beſides, it is not unfrequent for the relations of the children to derive their ideas of the charity from the rich ſubſcriber, who has recommended them, and who is uſually too indolent, or indifferent to make any inquiry into its domeſtic management.

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Of the truth of this repreſentation any of your readers may be convinced by aſking a few trifling queſtions of the children themſelves. It is both ſingular and diſtreſſing to hear with what fluency and preciſion they will repeat all the methodiſt tenets of "Salvation through faith in Chriſt Jeſus;" "the perceptible witneſs of the ſpirit," &c. &c. and with what coolneſs and unwillingneſs they will repeat the apoſtle's creed.

While an inſtitution ſo dangerous in its tendency is thus encouraged and ſupported, it is in vain that all the talents of the literary world, and all the energies of our eccleſiaſtical eſtabliſhment are employed to counteract the diffuſion of religious fanaticiſm. If the minds of the riſing generation be ſyſtematically perverted from the way of truth into the paths of methodiſm, the exhortations of the preacher, and ridicule of the ſatiriſt, are only waſted in the temporary depreſſion of a ſect which muſt ultimately triumph over every veſtige of reaſon and ſocial order. To watch the ſpiritual culture of the young is not only the moſt effectual but the moſt eaſy method of permanently extinguiſhing the ſpirit of ſectarian intolerance.

AN OLD CORRESPONDENT.

October 11, 1809.

Anecdotes.

THE SACRAMENT.

An Egyptian, who reſided ſome time in Italy, was ſeized with an inclination to ſee maſs. On his return from it, he was aſked for his obſervations on that ſolemn ceremony of the church. "It appears to me," replied the Egyptian, "to be an act of devotion, totally devoid of charity; for one perſon was employed in eating and drinking, without offering to communicate this refreſhment to any of the perſons around him."

SAGE ADVICE TOO LATE.

A man who had climbed up a cheſnut tree, had by careleſſneſs miſſed his hold of one of the branches, and fell to the ground, with ſuch violence as to break one of his ribs. A neighbour coming to his aſſiſtance, remarked to him, drily, "That had he followed his rule in theſe caſes, he would have avoided this accident."—"What rule do you mean?" ſaid the other indignantly. "This," replied the philoſopher, "never to come down from a place faſter than you go up."

An Engliſh blockhead was aſked what age he was: 'I am only twenty-ſix,' he anſwered, 'but I ought to be twenty-ſeven, for my mother miſcarried the year before I was born.'

An Extraordinary Caſe of Dropſy.

Sara Kippus, a pauper in the city of Norwich, was taken with the dropſy after a miſcarriage, at the age of twenty-ſeven years. She was firſt tapped in the year 1759, and died in Auguſt, 1783. Thus ſhe lived till twenty-five years, with ſome intervals of eaſe, having undergone the operation of tapping eighty times; and, in all, had taken from her 6,631 pints of water, or upwards of thirteen hogſheads.

A Guide to Old Age.

The late archbiſhop of Seville, in Spain, lived to the extraordinary age of 110 years, eight months, and fourteen days. He uſed to tell his friends when aſked what regimen he obſerved, to be even at that age in the full enjoyment of every faculty:—'By being old when I was young, I find myſelf young now I am old.'

Engliſh

Endymion the Exile.

LETTER XVIII.

YOU are right Ambroſe. Example is rather better than precept, but it is alſo rather more difficult. There is a certain lanthorn-jawed lecturer, who has lately illuminated the cities of London and Weſtminſter, with a diſſertation on Kemble's defects. So far was well; but when he deſcended from the doctor's chair into the amphitheatre, and ſhewed by example, how *Macbeth* ſhould addreſs the imaginary dagger, he ſtuck that weapon up to the hilt in the body of his own reputation. One man makes a ſhoe, and another an epigram. A critic of common feeling can tell that the former pinches, and that the latter does not. But place an awl or a pen in his right hand, and 'tis ten to one he can go but a little way towards mending either. *Captain Gregory Higgins*, has a very pretty houſe in *Berkeley-Square*, and is celebrated in private parties, for his ſkill in imitating Kemble. You ſaw that celebrated Engliſh tragedian a few years ago on his viſit to Paris, and I can aſſure you if you were preſent at one of captain Higgins's exhibitions, and were to ſhut your eyes, (and your ear,) you might by dint of a creative imagination, ſuppoſe that Kemble himſelf was in the room! Ambition is progreſſive. If *captain Gregory Higgins* gained ſo much applauſe by a ſingle ſpeech, what portion of glory would he acquire, by rivalling Kemble through a whole play? He did not wait to work this queſtion by the rule of three, but forthwith hired the private theatre in *Tottenham-ſtreet*, and by promiſing the faſhionables a ſubſequent ſupper, embelliſhed with champagne, procured a numerous and ſplendid audience. *Gregory* has a good leg, and gives good dinners: qualities which have procured him the admiration of the women, and the endurance of the men. I obtained a pit ticket from my friend *Trelawny*, and repaired to the temple of Theſpis at eight o'clock. A numerous audience had already aſſembled. *Lady Bridget Sidebottom*, and her three ſlim brothers occupied one ſtage box: *ſir Sam Weazle*, and his imperious ſpouſe nodded approbation from the other. *Old Squeez'em* and his meagre wife, from St. Mary Axe; the *miſſes Penelope*, and *Georgiana Snarl*, daughters of a deceaſed banker: *ſir Daniel Diſcount* himſelf a banker: young men of faſhion from *Albany*, and their ſhadows from the city, and a countleſs hoſt of ladies, loungers, and *literati*, contributed to ſwell the note of welcome to the *dilettanti Roſcius*. The ſcene lay in Peru, and *Gregory* was, you may be ſure, even more plentiful bedaubed with gold, that when caſed in his own dreſs coat as a captain in the guards. Nay the family jewels were preſſed into the ſervice, his great aunt, *lady Macpledgit*, the widow of a Scots nobleman, having redeemed her diamond necklace from pawn, for that night only, by particular deſire, to decorate the brow of her victorious nephew. Thus bedizoned, he made his entrée with a bird of paradiſe upon his head, whoſe long tail might have tempted Eve herſelf, and was greeted with three diſtinct rounds of applauſe, to which he, though kinſman to the king of Peru, was condeſcending enough to return ſuitable acknowledgements.

Nothing occurred worthy of commemoration, till his ſpeech to the ſoldiers, adviſing them to ſpend their laſt ſhilling, and ſhed the laſt drop of their blood in defence of ſocial order and their holy religion, which you may well imagine charmed all hearts. *Mr. Cauſtic* who writes for one of the papers, ſaid, it was *really not ſo bad conſidering*: and two ſlender young enſigns, whoſe long legs were united at the knee like great A, while their ſwaggering gait reſembled

bouncing B, withdrew their opera glaſſes from their half ſhut eyes, for the expreſs purpoſe of declaring that it was *damned fair*. To ſpeak my private opinion to thee, Ambroſe, in confidence, it was execrably bad. At one time the captain ſpoke ſo low, that he might be ſuppoſed to be ventriloquizing with a privy counſellor, and at another roared as though he were deſirous that his own domeſtics in *Berkeley-Square* ſhould benefit by his rhetoric. In the unimpaſſioned ſcenes his arms hung ſtiff and lifeleſs, like thoſe of a coat upon a dye's pole, and when he took his ſoldiers to taſk for deſerting their poſt, he elevated his hands with ſuch a windmill motion, that I thought he was about to throw a ſomerſet into the pit, and actually ſhifted my quarters to avoid the impending calamity. The drama had now arrived at a climax of diſtreſs. The Peruvian hero made love to his friend's wife, to which ſhe expreſſed an averſion altogether unaccountable, conſidering that her huſband was completely out of the way. The couſin to the king of the gold mines then good naturedly determined to bring man and wife together: the audience were huſhed in mute attention, and the valiant captain had every proſpect of a brilliant campaign. But alas, as the dictionary-maker ſays, *What are the hopes of man?* A certain faſhionable tailor, in whoſe books *Beau Higgins* had dipped far deeper than in the claſſics, becoming impatient for his money, had employed two journeymen, named *John Doe* and *Richard Roe*, to manufacture one ſuit more than *Higgins* had ordered. Thoſe two worthies having been treated with proper contempt, had called one *Fierifacias* to their aid, and poor *Gregory's* cold ham, chickens, ſyllabub and champagne, were enliſted into the ſervice of an ignoble botcher of broad cloth. The evil news ſpread through the houſe like the dry rot. The audience who had endured bad acting in hopes of a good ſupper, were immediately in motion: back rolled the faſhionable tide with a rapidity that carried every thing before it. A ſeries of other engagements were ſtraightway recollected, which could not be violated with any appearance of decorum. *Sir Daniel Diſcount* was upon his honour expected at *Tom's Coffee-houſe*, *lady Bridget Sidebottom*, had a ſick aunt at Chelſea, and moreover muſt poſitively finiſh her lilac ridicule by the morning. Her three brothers had a wager to decide about one of our native tumblers at the opera-houſe. The *miſſes Pope* and *Georgiana Snail*, pleaded a game Caſſino: *ſir Samuel* and *lady Weazle*, ſneaked off to a methodiſt meeting, and the two enſigns called it a *complete hoax*. The poor captain redoubled his efforts which were drowned in the noiſe of rattling benches, and before the commencement of the fifth act, he had ranted himſelf bare to the very fiddlers. Nor were his misfortunes deſtined to ſtop here. One of his domeſtics, who had been drilled to convey his maſter's remains to a Peruvian grave, had made rather too free with a bowl of gratuitous negus which ſtood in the window of the green room. The conſequence was, that while he was carrying the *dilettanti* corpſe on his uplifted hands, ſtiffened with all its might, and as proud of its elevated leg, as a dead gentleman's body ſhould always be, the unfortunate carrier reeled and fell, and the deceaſed Peruvian deſcended head foremoſt on his right ſhoulder, with a force which has ſince occaſioned him to parade Bond-ſtreet, with his right arm in a ſling.

Captain Gregory Higgins, adieu! thy career was ſhort but glorious. Like a Vauxhall rocket thou didſt for a little moment outſhine the eſtabliſhed luminary of the night; and if a ſheriff's officer cut ſhort thy glo-

ties, why ſhould *captain Higgins* repine at what *captain Macheath* was forced to endure? Be comforted—the *Morning Poſt* has regiſtered thy dinners: *Endymion* the Exile has recorded thy theatricals, and the poet *Ovid* has penned thy prophetic epitaph—

Hic ſitus eſt Phaëton currûs auriga paterni,
Quem ſi non tenuit, magnis tamen excidit auſis.

The Merchants Daughter. A Novel.
(Continued from page 511.)

CHAP. IV.

'I always ſuſpect the candour of thoſe who ſet up for wits; I am always apprehenſive leſt they ſhould ſacrifice the real ſtate of things to the arts of deſcription, and affect a brilliancy of ſtyle at the expence of truth.' *Rouſſeau.*

CORNELIA was ſoon initiated into all the myſteries of faſhion; ſhe dreſſed with taſte, reconciled herſelf to the practice of wearing rouge, when ſhe appeared in public; and, although not quite an adept herſelf in the talent of quizzing, could join readily in the laugh raiſed againſt others, by one, who in defiance of good-nature or decorum, exerciſed her wit in that way, for the diverſion of the company. This ingenious young lady was introduced to our heroine by lady Clerville, as the 'moſt agreeable creature in life;' and, conſequently, no doubt could be entertained by our novice of her worth or abilities. In fact, lady Virginia Morney was one of thoſe accommodating perſons who can ſuit their genius to all occaſions and characters: to thoſe whom ſhe had any intereſt in pleaſing, ſhe was a moſt egregious flatterer—while the effuſions of her miſchievous temper were vented on thoſe who had no power to recriminate. Her rank and perſonal attractions ſecured her many admirers, but her levity too ſoon releated them from her chains, and ſhe was now pretty near that critical period at which ladies are ſaid to be fairly on the look out. Her preſent admirer was a mr. Agincourt, who was one of thoſe beings who poſſeſſed no character at all, but followed the lady merely for the reputation of having it ſaid, that he was in favour with a fine woman, and one who in the faſhionable circles was deemed a *belle eſprit*. Lady Virginia was not long at a loſs for an object on whom ſhe might exerciſe her ridicule when ſhe was once preſented to Juanna Millington; and the very next day, at dinner, a fair opportunity offered. Colonel Sibthorpe, who happened to occupy the next ſeat, chanced to diſplay an elegant ſnuff box, on the lid of which was a beautiful Madonna in enamel. Juanna incautiouſly expreſſed her admiration of it, and obſerved, that ſhe had ſeen a face ſomewhere very much like it. 'Perhaps you might, ma'am,' replied the colonel, 'it is one of Raphael's.'—'Dear me,' returned the ſpinſter, ſimpering, 'that Raphael was a vile character, he had more miſtreſſes than any man I ever heard of—I have ſeen a number of pictures of beautiful women, and have been told they were all his.'—Colonel Sibthorpe, ready to laugh at this miſapprehenſion, turned his head aſide, without making any reply; and lady Virginia, availing herſelf of the opportunity, jogged miſs Millington's elbow, ſaying, in a whiſper, 'Huſh! for mercy's ſake, dear madam; it is the colonel's grandmother.' Upon which Juanna very gravely replied. 'You aſtoniſh me, my lady; well, I proteſt I would not have hinted at ſuch a family misfortune for the world: but really I ſaw no likeneſs. Do pray make an apology for me.' At theſe words, lady Virginia, loſing all command of herſelf, burſt into a loud laugh, which was echoed by Agincourt; a reproving glance from lady Clerville, however, gave her a moment's em-

barraſſment; but recollecting herſelf, with admirable preſence of mind ſhe turned to Juanna and begged her pardon, declaring that a laughable circumſtance juſt at that moment occurred to her remembrance, which had quite overſet her gravity.

'No doubt we ſhould be entertained by the recital of it, madam,' ſaid Millington, drily; who ſaw that ſhe was playing upon the ignorance of his ſiſter, and wiſhed, if poſſible, to detect her rudeneſs. 'It is too frivolous to repeat,' ſaid ſhe, carelеſſly. 'Not ſo, my dear,' obſerved her friend; 'it ſurely cannot be a trifle that could occaſion lady Virginia Morney to violate the rules of good-breeding.' Lady Virginia, feeling the full force of this rebuke, coloured like ſcarlet, but, determined not to be eaſily diſconcerted, ſhe rallied her uſual preſence of mind, and muſtering up all her powers of invention, which ſeldom deſerted her in time of need, ſhe looked round with an air of confidence, 'it is the ſimpleſt thing in the world, I aſſure you,' ſaid ſhe, 'merely this: an old maid of this city, very ſuſceptible, and alive to the tendereſt emotions, became enamoured of a young tobacconiſt; unluckily, he did not happen to be equally ſmitten. The good lady, in the ardour of her attachment, conſumed an immoderate quantity of Straſburg; day after day ſhe viſited his ſhop, and had the felicity of receiving the fragrant morſel from his dear hands, till an unlucky accident put an abrupt termination to the amour: piqued by his continued inſenſibility, and overpowered by her emotions, ſhe once breathed a ſigh from the bottom of her heart as he was about to cloſe the parcel. With frantic haſte he daſhed the packet to the ground, exclaiming, in no very lover-like tones, 'Zounds! madam, you have blined me; the curſed ſnuff has put my eyes out.' The lady, diſconcerted, ran out of the ſhop, cloſing her ears againſt his cruel reproches, and, I believe, died ſoon after of a broken heart.' Miſs Millington was not much pleaſed with this ridiculous ſtory, which, nevertheleſs, gave the company liberty to laugh, and the ſubject was ſoon after changed.

At an early hour Cornelia returned with her friends to their lodging, attended by Courtney, who paid ſuch polite attention to her and miſs Millington, that he was equally a favourite with both. Cornelia wrote her friend a faithful account of all that occurred; to which ſhe received the following anſwer—

LETTER I.—HARRIET TO CORNELIA.

London, Feb. 19.

I am happy to hear, my dear Cornelia, that your pleaſures at Bath equal your expectations. By your account of Lady Clerville, I can readily conceive that ſhe is a moſt faſcinating woman: and, though I might be faſtidious enough to make an objection, on the ſcore of levity and inconſiſtency, as to her being an eligible chaperone for you, I ſhould conſider ſuch an obſervation impertinent, as you are under her care by your fathers deſire. Our friend Sidney was here yeſterday. I do not flatter you, when I ſay that your abſence has made him ſad; I offered to read part of your letter, then careleſſly added, 'but I ſuppoſe you have heard from her?' He anſwered, without heſitation, that 'he had not.' 'Is it poſſible,' I cried, affecting ſurpriſe, 'that ſhe has not anſwered your letters?'—'You miſtake,' ſaid he, gravely; I have not written.'—Not written! Why, Frederick, have you quarrelled with my friend'—'Heaven forbid!' he replied. 'Then why ſo careleſs! ſo indifferent?' He ſighed: 'I am neither, Harriet; but ſomehow, when I get a pen in my hand, I

am

am apt to ſcribble at random, and might write what I would not with her to read.' 'You are quite myſterious, Sidney; yet I think it would but appear kind and friendly.' —'I hate appearances.'—'But pray, my eccentric friend, how is a woman to judge of a man's ſentiments?' He interrupted me haſtily, 'Not by the rhodomontade of what is denominated a love letter; and I am ſure ſuch a one as I ſhould write would not be acceptable to miſs Millington.' —'Do you take her for a fool, then?'—'Far from it; ſhe has a good underſtanding, but vanity, dear vanity! is woman's weak ſide; and of that alſo Cornelia has her ſhare.' And yet, my dear, with all this apparant apathy, I am convinced the creature loves you, for a trifling circumſtance betrayed his ſecret emotions. Opening a drawer, while he was preſent, to look for a receipt which my mother wanted, I drew out a ſlip of paper, containing ſome of your hair; your name was on it, and caught his eye—'That is Cornelia's,' ſaid he, inſtinctively holding out his hand for it 'It is,' I replied; 'you may have ſome of it if you pleaſe, but I cannot ſpare it all.' He began eagerly to divide it, and, as he plaited it into two locks, I am ſure I ſaw him drop a tear; and, when he thought I did not obſerve him, he preſſed it ardently to his lips. I imagine it is a degree of falſe pride which influences him to conceal his ſentiments. To pique him a bit, I read to him your extravagant praiſes of Courtney: extravagant, I will ſay, for, between ourſelves, I muſt confeſs I do not like your hero. Perhaps I am prejudiced in favour of Sidney, and take up the gauntlet for him, but let me, my amiable friend, caution you not to trifle with that too gallant Hibernian—men of his country are generally inſinuating. I would not be illiberal in my remarks, but I fear they are very ſeldom to be truſted in matters which concern our ſex; at any rate, coquetry is both unamiable and dangerous. Sidney, though ſubject to many oddities in his manner, is the early object of your regard, and, in every reſpect, a man of integrity: a ſpecious exterior too often covers a depraved heart, though it is, unfortunately, the foible of womankind to prefer unmeaning aſſiduities and empty flattery to the ſincerity of a heart which would exalt the merit of a beloved object: but I wander from my ſubject. Sidney, ſtrange being! liſtened with attention, yet ſeemed not the leaſt moved; however, I know he poſſeſſes an extraordinary command of feature, ſo that I was as much at a loſs to gueſs his thoughts as before: I underſtand he intends to write to you very ſoon. In ſhort, my friend, man is a riddle, which I have hitherto not thought worth any pains to unravel. You aſk for the hiſtory of my heart, but I fear it would prove an unintereſting detail; at ſome future period you ſhall have it; for, when you are better acquainted with your own, you will be the more willing to make allowances. Adieu, Cornelia, I muſt reſign my pen; I go to attend my dear mother, ſhe gets daily worſe; ſadly do I fear no medical aid can ſave her. Do not wait for regular anſwers, but write as often as leiſure and inclination accord; your letters afford us pleaſure under any circumſtances. I truſt you will not let any thing I have ſaid limit your confidence; remember, if I do not hear from you very often, I ſhall be jealous of lady Clerville, and think ſhe monopolizes all your friendſhip. Yours ſincerely,

H. MONTAGUE.

Cornelia pondered over this letter. 'Alas,' ſaid ſhe, mentally, 'what a ſtrange creature is this Sidney; other men, who are indifferent to me, pay me flattering attention, while he, my deſtined huſband, too conſcious

of

of his ſecurity, alone neglects me. I muſt rouſe his lethargic feelings, mere liking is not ſufficient for me. Does he think ſo meanly of me, as to ſuppoſe I will gladly accept a poor cold plighted hand? no! no!' The following day a letter arrived from Sidney; Cornelia received it with rapture, and, before ſhe broke the ſeal, accuſed herſelf of having been too haſty in her condemnation; but this favourable impreſſion was too ſoon removed, by a peruſal of the contents, which ran thus:—

DEAREST CORNELIA,

That you are enjoying all the gay ſcenes which bath preſents, I am truly happy to hear, and not a little flattered to find that in the midſt of diſſipation you have not forgotten the friends left behind. Your accuſation of neglect and unkindneſs, on my ſide, is unjuſt: you ſay 'I rejoice at your abſence, and am even unmindful of the common forms of etiquette.' To this laſt charge I candidly plead guilty, my heart is too fondly attached to ſincerity, to be ſwayed by forms; but, believe me, my thoughts daily and hourly wander to you, and while you think I am moſt neglectful, my ſad heart is cheriſhing your loved image even to deſpair! You will think me inconſiſtent, mad! no matter: there are circumſtances to influence my conduct, which time alone can develope. Cornelia, keep what I am going to add a ſecret in your own breaſt—let no conſideration of our engagement, or my happineſs, reſtrain your inclinations, ſhould you meet with a man whoſe manners are more congenial to your taſte; you ſhall be free! Think not I would awe you to a miſtaken point of honour—you ſhall be free in action as in choice. Do not, I entreat you, miſconſtrue this into a capricious wiſh to reſign my claims; they may at a future period, conſtitute my pride and felicity. Unleſs any material change in your ſentiments ſhould take place, I conjure you not to harraſs the mind of your father by doubts, on a ſubject ſo dear to his heart; I ever have been, and ſtill am fervently attached to you, my dear Cornelia; but I cannot pay homage as a ſlave, nor tie you to an engagement which fear or compaſſion might induce you to fulfil; 'tis the dread of this which weighs upon my ſpirits, and cauſes that apparent apathy of which you complain—your reproaches and torture to my miſery. Harriet, your amiable friend, ſtrives to chaſe from my mind ſuch gloomy preſages, as too frequently damp my ſpirits, and paints to me, in brilliant colouring, future proſpects; her's is the magic lanthorn of hope, with which we are all childiſh enough to be amuſed. Inconſiſtent as I may ſeem, deny me not your friendſhip, my ſweet Cornelia; I truſt I ſhall never deſervedly forfeit that bleſſing; without it, I ſhould be a wretch indeed. Whatever may be our future deſtiny, doubt not the unalterable regard of your FREDERICK SIDNEY.

Cornelia read this letter ſeveral times, and ſhed tears of ſenſibility over ſome of the paſſages, that, in particular, which hinted at 'deſpair,' arreſted her attention; and ſhe was bewildered in conjecture from what ſcource gloomy thoughts could ariſe, when lady Clerville entered the dreſſingroom. Perceived that Cornelia had been weeping, her ladyſhip began to laugh at her, and ſportively ſnatching the letter, perſiſted in reading it. When ſhe had finiſhed, ſhe exclaimed, 'in the name of beauty dry your eyes, child; you are both a precious couple of fools. This ſcroll, ſo full of doleſuls, is the effuſion of a ſtubborn but fond heart; Sidney is too tenacious of your regard to act rational: he trembles at his own ſhadow and tries to bluſter out his fears. Come, come, fight him with his own weapons now; when you are mar-

ried

ried you may uſe your pretty *ovel nails*, if you prefer them; and my life for it you will gain the day. The more you torment yourſelf, the more refractory he will be; men muſt be fretted into docility. Do you know Cupidon dines with me to-day, he abſolutely begged the invitation; I ſee you have made a conqueſt, and intend to have ſome ſport, ſo I ſhall place you on his blind ſide mind, that I may be better able to count every glance; as he will be under the troubleſome neceſſity of turning his head quite round.' —'Ah! you was always miſchievous,' replied Cornelia; 'but indeed I am unfit for company to-day.'—'Ridiculous!' exclaimed lady Clerville; 'this man poſitively infects you with his prepoſterous apprehenſion. Prithee, put on your bonnet, and accompany me to the pump-room; Courtney will be here preſently with ſome new muſic, and I ſhould not wiſh to be abſent; for, to tell you a bit of a ſecret, I think Morney has trowing out a lure for him; but I will foil her there, depend upon it. I wish you were not engaged, Cornelia; 'tis a fooliſh affair, but it cannot be helped.' Cornelia bluſhed; this laſt ſentence conveyed an implication which occaſioned much confuſion; and, unwilling to let her aunt read her thoughts, ſhe inſtantly prepared to accompany her.

(*To be continued.*)

London Faſhions.

A BONNET compoſed of yellow ſatin and lace, richly embroſſed with leopard ſpots in deep orange; the front in the tiara form, bound with green figured ribband; a band of the ſame confines the crown, and ties in a bow behind; a long lace veil thrown back; a robe of yellow craped muſlin, made to fit tight to the figure, confined at the boſom and down the front with knots of green ribband, bound round the neck and ornamented round the bottom with three rows of the ſame; long ſleeves, with ſmall lace ruffles hemmed to correſpond; a high lace tucker, faſtened on the boſom with an Egyptian pebble. A zephyr cloak of rich lace; falling in long points to the feet, finiſhed with ſilk taſſels, ſloped up in the form of a jacket behind, meeting at the boſom and on the ſhoulders, confined with graceful negligence to the form by a ſaſh of green ribband. Yellow Morocco ſandals; gloves of York tan.

General Obſervations on the moſt approved Faſhions for the Seaſon.

ALTHOUGH it is conſidered far too early for faſhion to aſſume a determined character, yet many ſeaſonable changes have taken place in the ſeveral articles of female attire; and we have, upon the whole, more of novelty to offer to our fair friends than we ever remember at this ſeaſon of the year. All our faſhionable watering places, and other ſcenes of favourite reſort, have been ranſacked in ſearch of elegance and variety, and whatever of fancy can bear the teſt of good ſenſe and correct taſte, we ſhall endeavour minutely to deſcribe, and point out to them. The neweſt articles that have iſſued from the manufactory are the ſtriped farſnets and imperial bombazeens; goſſamer gauſes, Italian tiffanies, ſpotted cambrics, and fine tamboured muſlins are ſtill much worn in full dreſs. In the morning coſtume the ſtraw ſtriped muſlin has completely rivalled the jacconet cambric, which is now chiefly confined to the conſtitution of ſlips and under dreſſes. Shot and figured twill farſnets remain high in faſhionable eſtimation. Our ſtuff and poplin manufacturers are exerting all their genius towards the production of ſomething which ſhall vie in warmth and beauty with cloth,

and which promiſes to become not only an object of ſcarcity but monopoly.

In the outdoor coſtume but little variety is obſervable in the formation of peliſſes and ſpenſers; the principal article uſed in their conſtruction is twilled ſhot farſnet; the favourite aſſortment of colours is red and green, red and brown, mazarine and red. Scarfs continue to be much worn, and they have likewiſe aſſumed a more luxuriant hue and texture; we have noticed ſeveral in bright jonquille. The ſimple pelerine in white tiffany, lined with ſatin and trimmed with ſwanſdown, is truly elegant. The round tippet in pink, or white ſatin, with handkerchief ends, edged with lace or ſwanſdown, croſſed over the boſom, and tied behind with a bow of ribband, is alſo very genteel. Mantles in every poſſible form are ſtill to be ſeen; the prettieſt we have obſerved has a wrap front attached to the ſhoulder, and confined to the figure by a ſaſh paſſed round the back and brought to tie in a bow before.

Morning and walking dreſſes are ſtill made high in the neck, but without collars; to lace up the front, and trimmed round the throat and wriſts with a double row of ſhell lace.

In full or evening dreſs, the backs of gowns are made ſquare, and rather high, without linings, let in at the bottom of the waiſt with an eaſy fulneſs; the boſoms are worn low, and ſhoulders much expoſed, the ſleeves long and moſtly of lace; trains ſtill continue a very moderate length; the favorite faſh is of the bias corded ribband, tied on the left ſide with ſmall bows and long ends. We have noticed ſome few jackets and petticoats, but the Spaniſh coſtume has declined a little in general favour. We had an opportunity at a late ſplendid entertainment of remarking on a lady celebrated for her rank and beauty, a dreſs, which we conſider worthy of diſtinction. It was of white tiffany, with an applique of white ſatin creſcents round the bottom and brought acroſs the figure, terminating on the left ſide, forming a drapery; the ſleeves and boſom to correſpond, with a hemming of diminiſhed ſize.

The ſtraw bonnèt, of whatever ſhape or dimenſions, is abſolutely diſcarded from all faſhionable promenades; the lace cap, or an intermixture of ſatin and lace, maintains its ſuperiority; we have noticed on one of our leading *belles* a cap of oriental ſilk, which has the effect of embroſſed pheaſant's feathers, confined under the chin by a Turkiſh handkerchief, the ends brought to tie in a roſette at the right ſide, ornamented with a *demi* tiara of Indian feathers.

The witching bonnet in pink ſatin and lace, is diſtinguiſhed for its airy elegance. The crown is the cone form, made to fit quite plain, and confined in at the back of the head by a band of ribband. The front is conſtructed of alternate ſtripes of lace and ribband, ſupported by a light wire frame, bound over with ſatin; it is brought down more on the left ſide, and ties in a careleſs bow on the right' and ſufficiently raiſed from the face to admit underneath a full ſhort wreath of heath or geranium.

Four rows of blond, or ribband, in whole plaiting at one edge, ſewn together, forming a long roſette, and overcaſt on the other with coloured chenille, called a *ruche*, is a favourite addition to lace or ſatin caps.

No material change has taken place in the mode of wearing the hair, it is ſtill after the Madona, or Grecian manner, ornamented with lace veils and bunches of flowers. Impatient for novelty, we have ſtolen privately on the favourite haunts of the ever changeable goddeſs. How we are dazzled and amazed by the

blazing ſplendours which her myſterious cabinet diſcloſed; in the haſty view which we were enabled to take, we could only particularize wreaths and flowers, in coloured foils and tinſil, of exquiſite beauty. Tiaras in Indian feathers, on a baſe of gold ſtudded with precious ſtones. Turkiſh handkerchiefs of the richeſt and brighteſt dyes, embroidered in ſilver and gold, interſperſed with various coloured gems and ſhowers of ſpangles.

The prevailing colours for the ſeaſon are jonquille, geranium, roſe, and mazarine; the faſhionable mixture are red and green, red and brown, red and blue, and amber and white.

The lateſt invention in ſhoes is the Grecian ſandal, a truly claſſic ornament, and admirably adapted to the coſtume of the day; it is worn in full dreſs. The high ſhoe in white kid, bound and laced with pale pink, or yellow, is another novelty. The white Morocco tie is likewiſe extremely faſhionable.

The gloves moſt in eſteem are ſtraw, ſtonecolour, bloom pink, and white. The ſeaſon is not yet ſufficiently advanced to allow us to decide the faſhion for jewellery. Necklaces in amber, ſapphire, emerald, topaz, pearl, and gold, with drop earrings to correſpond, are alike ſeen; brooches and bracelets are not yet reſumed by our elegantes.

Embroidery in ſilk, chenille, worſted, gold, and ſilver will be much worn during the enſuing winter, and ſuch of our fair friends as are deſirous of contributing by their own induſtry to the ſplendour and elegance of their appearance, will here find ample room for the diſplay of their ingenuity and taſte.

Life of a Lounger. (Continued from page 500.)

IN this buſy kind of idleneſs paſſed the beſt part of my days; I had no other purpoſe but to kill time, and to hurry through the day; the night, indeed, would ſometimes appear equally long to me. In town or country I was equally miſerable, and without one abſolute cauſe of complaint was afflicted, as it were, with all. One time I perſuaded myſelf that I was ſuffering under the gout, and put myſelf under a regimen ſuitable to that diſeaſe; ever the imagination of pain was more ſufferable than abſolute idleneſs. I had ſome reliſh for my life in the intervals of the ſuppoſed pain. But my health ſoon become too ſturdy, and too manifeſt, and I was at laſt compelled to diſcharge my phyſician, and to bethink myſelf of ſome new fancies. Nothing can be ſo truly miſerable as this ſtate of nothingneſs; man was born to do ſomething, he was intended for active life and duties, and is puniſhed in the very negligence itſelf when he deviates from the end of his being. All vices, ſaid the platonic philoſophers, carry their own puniſhments in themſelves, and this is moſt certainly the caſe in ſloth; the indolent man is moſt completely his own enemy; his exceſſive purſuit of his favourite objects reſt, like every other exceſs, defeats itſelf. The daily labourer, after having ſweated all the day, returns happy to his cottage and pillow at night; he feels the full reliſh of his ceſſation from labour; his reſt is rendered ſweet to him by his previous fatigue; he riſes in the morning to renew his courſe; and labour itſelf becomes an enjoyment to him both in itſelf as well as in the degree in which it contributes to his enjoyment of reſt.

It is different with the indolent man; his indolence is a diſeaſe, and not an enjoyment; it lies like a dead weight upon his exiſtence. He literally drags his being along its deſtined courſe; he is without even the energy of a plant; he has neither ſpring of mind to obtain or to enjoy;

he lays, as it were, his full lenth on the earth, and expects that Heaven will ſhower its bleſſings into his open mouth. But it is contrary to the ordinary courſe of divine aſſiſtance to aid thoſe who will not exert themſelves. The ſlothful man flies in the face of the decree of Providence.—that man ſhall only eat, drink, and enjoy life by the ſweat of his brow; every thing, ſays Greek proverb, is placed on an eminence, and no one can attain them who ſhall not undertake the labour of climbing; they are the rewards which Heaven has propoſed for the proper exertion of the faculties which it has giving us. Let no man, therefore, give himſelf up to idleneſs as to a pleaſure; it is a vice which creeps on one till it gets full poſſeſſion of all our faculties, when it benumbs every thing good in us, and leaves us nothing but the frame of man. An indolent man may be compared to a ruſty time-pice; how much excellent machinery is thrown away to no purpoſe! let any one reflect one moment of what the mind of man, a machinery of divine workmanſhip, is capable, and having made his reflection, let him think what he muſt merit who, having ſuch a piece of machinery in charge, can ſuffer it to conſume itſelf in its own ruſt, and be uſeleſs both to himſelf and to others. This indolence is, in fact, an intoxication which at once deſtroys both body and mind.

But the merit of the indolent man is, that thought he knows all this, his knowledge is in vain; he is ſpell bound; he can neither move hand nor foot. He lives and he thinks, but he lives and he thinks to no purpoſe.

In ſuch a courſe of life, I ſay, paſſed away day after day, and no day was welcome but ſuch as brought a new purſuit, novelty ſometimes had charms which aroufed me for the moment. It is, indeed, truly aſtonishing, how various were my purſuits, how infinite my contrivances.

A naturaliſt happened to live in my neighbourhood in the country. Having made a moſt valuable collection of curioſities, he publiſhed an account of them, and dedicated his book to me. I could do no leſs than call at his houſe and thank him for his civility. More aſleep than awake I ordered my carriage with this purpoſe. I arrived at his houſe, and found my gentleman at home. He compelled me to remain to dinner with him. In the interval of the preparation, he diſplayed his curioſities, and talked of them ſo eloquently and energetically, that he immediately infuſed into me the paſſion of becoming a naturaliſt. I mentioned my wiſh, and the gentlemen become inſtructor I was happy as long as this laſted; but I purſued it with a zeſt, and with an exceſs which, by exhauſting my ſtrength and ſpirits, very ſhortly wearied me with it. Whilſt it laſted, however, I aroſe betimes in the morning, and hunted the fields and ditches, and ſea-ſhores for ſhells and bones; dug up my park in ſearch of medals, and expended nearly a thouſand pounds in clearing away a mound which my friend had perſuaded me was a Roman camp; but which upon examination appeared to be only the remains of an antient gravel-pit. I was one of thoſe who adverti[illegible] for the Queen Ann's farthing, becauſe there were only ſix of them coined. I wrote, moreover, half a dozen letters to the royal ſociety upon the former ſtature of the human race; in which I proved to demonſtration, that men were formerly at leaſt three feet taller than they are at preſent; that the diminution of the ſize had followed the proceſſion of the equinoxes, and moſt probably had ſome ſecret connexion with theſe operations of nature. In this kind of trifling I paſſed away one or two ſummers very pleaſantly, but happening to make two or three miſtakes which convinced

convinced me of the uncertainty of these ſtudies and of theſe purſuits, I began gradually to be weary of it. When my friend called upon me I was aſleep; the morning was too damp, my labourers had ſomething elſe to do; in ſhort, I began to excuſe myſelf from naturalizing. Upon comparing notes with other antiquaries of my acquaintance and connection, I diſcovered that every one of the advertiſers had procured a farthing, though the number of advertiſers exceeded two hundred, and the number of farthings actually iſſued was half a dozen. I experienced ſeveral other frauds of the ſame kind; I purchaſed a Roman urn made in Staffordſhire, and ſome Corinthian braſs, the origin of which I afterwards traced to the foundery of meſſrs. Watt and Bolton, and which had been ſold to me by one of their workmen. Some bones, moreover, which my friend and myſelf had imputed to the mammoth, were diſcovered to have belonged to a cow. Two or three miſtakes of this kind wearied me with the profeſſion of a naturaliſt.

When I was weary of natural hiſtory in general, I became a botaniſt. This ſtudy has its charms; but they are only for an idler, and only for a ſhort time. Whilſt this folly laſted, however, I purſued it with my characteriſtic vehemence; day after day have I riſen betimes in the morning, and hunted the fields in ſearch of an herb or a flower. I have ſomewhere read of a man who being confined in a priſon, found his pleaſure in watching the progreſs of the ſpiders in weaving their web, and that this purſuit became at length ſo neceſſary to him that, having recovered his liberty, he daily returned to his priſon to continue his former amuſement. This and more I can believe. The effect of habit is moſt extraordinary; it can reconcile us to any thing ſhort of actual pain, and even of pain itſelf; I queſtion whether the conſtant hab of ſuffering does not deaden the ſenſibility.

Of all the purſuits of idleneſs, now that I can ſee it in its true point of view, I know of none which is more frivolous than this botanizing mania. The ſtudy of nature is certainly both laudable and pleaſing; but to be ſo, the ſtudy muſt have an object of ſome dignity and utility. Can any thing be more uſeleſs and more frivolous, than a reaſonable being conſuming his whole time in the inveſtigation of a flower or weed? how many ſtamin or piſtils it contains? and whether the daiſy is of the maſculine or feminine gender? Yet how much time and talent is conſumed in this and ſimilar follies; how many hours have been conſumed in the important inveſtigation of the ſex of an oyſter or a muſcle; and how many pages of the *Philoſophical Magazine*, are filled with this and ſimilar follies. The late dr. Darwin, the beſt verſifier, if not the beſt poet of his age,—a man of little learning but of a good fancy, wrote an immenſe quarto of rhymes upon what he called the *Loves of the Plants*, a book which every idler ought to have, as in fact there is no book in our language which contains ſo many idle verſes, and on ſuch an idle ſubject.

After I became weary of being a botaniſt, I took to metaphyſics, and plunged deep in the moral mud of matter and mind. I had ſhortly made ſo good a proficiency as to have begun to doubt whether I had any real exiſtence or not; whether my perception and ſenſation were not all fancy; whether the ſolidity of a table or a tree were not mere ſecondary ideas, and totally without any primary eſſence or exiſtence. Repeatedly have I ſtruck my head againſt the wall to aſcertain the quality of ſenſation, and night after night have I paſſed without ſleep in conſidering the eſſential nature of the mind. I

had

had once perſuaded myſelf that there was abſolutely no ſuch thing as mind; but was again confounded when I reflected upon the manifeſt difference between the inſtinct of brutes and the underſtanding of man; I could only refer this to the actually different nature which Providence had aſſigned them in their original creation; but then I again puzzled myſelf in the conſideration of how mind could be at all created, having neither ſubſtance nor form, and not being the object of an act. In ſhort, the further I got into the metaphyſic lore the more was I confounded, and at length became weary of the ſtudy, becauſe I found that its reſults were too trifling even for a lounger; in two long years ſpent this way, I had added nothing to my virtue or to my knowledge.

From metaphyſics I became a mathematician. For a long period of time I found the mathematics to be the pleaſanteſt of all the purſuits in which I had engaged; the reſults were certain; the mind was neceſſarily ſatisfied; the admiſſion of the firſt truths, or maxims, neceſſarily compelled the admiſſion of all that followed; truth ſeemed to walk hand and hand with the muſe of calculation. Having in this manner made myſelf maſter of all the elemental branches, I ſoon ſoared higher, and began to queſtion and diſpute on the principles of the *Principia*; I now thought that I knew enough to create a world, or at leaſt to underſtand the plan of creation; I began therefore to form ſyſtems in my own mind as to the probable manner in which the world had been created; whether gravity had exiſted before the creation, or was a quality impreſſed upon matter afterwards? If it exiſted before the creation, to what ſyſtem it muſt have tended? If it were impreſſed upon matter, what muſt have been the previous ſtate of the component part of the earth? To ſay all in a word, I found that even in mathematics I had got out of my depth, and that mathematics had their inextricable obſcurities as well as methaphyſics. I became weary, therefore, of the ſtudy of mathematics from the ſame reaſon that I had become weary of the ſtudy of metaphyſics; there was no ſatisfactory end to them, it was all wandering in the dark, all walking in a labyrinth to which there was neither clue nor exit. From theſe barren ſtudies I was recalled by a gentleman farmer, who had inſtituted an experimental farm in my neighbourhood; he was a man of ſenſe, of accompliſhments, and of education, and having weaned himſelf of the ordinary enjoyments of the town, had now reſolved to paſs his life in retirement. Mr. Weſtbourne, the name of this gentleman, was yet in the prime of life; he was a hale ſtrong man of 45, and had the health, and vigour, and ſpirits of twenty. Being a man of family he was much viſited and much careſſed. He would frequently call on me in the morning, and whilſt the fervour of my ſtudy laſted, annoyed me much by his interruptions, and his undiſguiſed contempt of the objects of my purſuit. In proportion as my fervour abated, his ſociety became more welcome to me, and I even brought myſelf to liſten with complacency to his raillery.

'My dear friend,' he would ſay, 'whence does it happen that a ſenſible man like you, a man of fortune and education, with all the means of enjoying life, and of an age to enjoy it—whence does it happen I ſay, that in the midſt of all theſe bleſſings, you live in the world as if you did not belong to it. You loſe your time in ſome frivolous purſuit or other; for to my mind, every thing is frivolous which has no uſeful end in view. Whenever I call on you, you are either ſtretched on the ſofa aſleep, or your mind is wandering, and you are

equally

equally loſt to every thing about you, as if you were in a dream. This ſtate is neither life nor death. It is the inſenſibility of the grave occaſionally interrupted by the painful tedium of life. You may be truly ſaid to live in life as in death. Shame upon you —remember that you have active duties, and that you ought to live with ſome purpoſe.

(*To be continued.*)

Comparative Criticiſm.

Non noſtrum *Tantas* componere lites ?
Virg.
Who ſhall decide when *Doctors* diſagree ?—
Pope.

1. *THE* Way to Heaven delineated ; or a Diſcourſe, &c. by Samuel Moore.

'Mr. Moore does not affect to ſay much that is original on a ſubject like this ; yet this performance has that appropriate character which reſults from a thorough perſonal acquaintance with a ſubject, and anſwers many of the purpoſes of originality. The diſcourſe contains a great portion of ſcriptural remark, and impreſſive exhortation.'—Eclectic Review.

'What could induce this gentleman to turn author, we are at a loſs to imagine ; ſince he ſeems to have taken no pains either to think or to expreſs himſelf with correctneſs.'—Monthly Review.

'We put down the book with feelings of almoſt unqualified diſguſt, excited by the ſenſeleſs rants with which every page appears to be filled.'—— Annual Review.

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2. Ancient Ballads ; ſelected from Percy's Collection, by a Lady.

'— The object, which was to provide a ſuitable entertainment for young people, free from any mixture of indecency, and accompanied by ſuch explanations as are material or uſeful for their comprehenſion, ſeems to be fully attained ; and the book, being very pretty as well as very innocent, may appear to great advantage in any young lady's library.'—Monthly Review.

'This is a very judicious ſelection from Percy's Ancient Ballads, and accompanied with ſeveral curious and intereſting notes, as well as explanations of the obſolete terms. It is a very elegant volume.'—Antijacobin Review.

'This is a very fooliſh and paltry book. Neither taſte nor judgment is diſplayed in the choice of pieces inſerted : the notes are very trifling, and the printing is extremely inaccurate.'—Annual Review.

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3. 'A treatiſe on Pulmonary Conſumption ; by James Saunders, M. D.

'We are happy to find the ſubject of conſumption ſeems to be gaining on the attention of the public ; and the treatment of it in a great meaſure taken out of the hands of the empiries, by the efforts of regular and enlightened practitioners. Dr. Saunders has an unequivocal claim to the latter denomination : he ſeems to have ſtudied the diſeaſe of which he treats '*con amore*;' and has exhibited a degree of zeal and aſſiduity in his reſearches, commenſurate to the incalculable importance of their object : he has conſulted with care, and ſelected with diſcretion, the facts and obſervations contained in the moſt reſpectable writers on phthiſis pulmonalis.—His work is to be regarded rather as an uſeful, well-arranged, and judicious compilation,' &c. 'In his deſcriptions, the author is for the moſt part chaſte and correct, and ſometimes even exhibits traits of eloquence as well as taſte. In ſpeaking of the cauſes of phthiſis pulmonalis, the author makes ſome judicious obſervations,' &c.—Oxford Review.

'Dr. Saunders's treatiſe is uſhered in with a long and tedious deſcription,' &c.—'His definite and obvious truth,

truth, of phthiſis being eſſentially an inflammation of the lungs, ſtands, we think, upon the ſame foundation; except that, as far as we know, it is not the opinion of any enlightened man whatever.'—'This treatiſe is written with all the pertneſs of a conceited youngſter. It is replete with extravagance and abſurdity, and (with the exception of ſome obſervations on fox-glove, which are ſubjoined) deſtitute of a ſingle remark of value.'—Critical Review, and Appendix.

4. Information and remarks on the preſent ſtate of the Debtor and Creditor Laws, by a barriſter.

'The important and difficult ſubject of impriſonment for debt is here conſidered very fully and elaborately, under the ſeveral heads,' &c. 'On theſe topics the author diſplays conſiderable information, and appears to be actuated by ſincere benevolence. We recommend the peruſal of his work to thoſe reſpectable perſonages who meditate a reform in that branch of our laws.'—Britiſh Critic.

'Though this tract purports to come from a barriſter, we can confidently affirm, from internal evidence, that the robe in the preſent inſtance is merely aſſumed. The 'information' is in many particulars incorrect, and the 'remarks' for the moſt part trite and common-place. No gentleman at the bar could be ſo ignorant as to affirm that, &c. 'The law, as laid down in the following paſſage, is to us perfectly unintelligible.——This is a ſpecimen of the modern art of book-making.'—Critical Review.

5. The Rural Enthuſiaſt, and other poems; by mrs. M. H. Hay.

'If this is a firſt eſſay, as we ſhould ſuppoſe, we do not doubt but that the authoreſs will obtain conſiderable rank among the muſes, eſpecially in deſcriptive poetry. She poſſeſſes an original genius, very ſuperior indeed to moſt of the modern rhymers; and the amenity and gracefulneſs of her Doric verſes are particularly adapted to her favourite ſubjects.'—Antijacobin Review.

'Moſt of mrs. M. H. Hay's lines are very proſaic; but perhaps, in the mind of modern book-buyers, the elegance of the engravings will atone for the inſipidity of the verſe.'—Critical Review.

'Nothing has yet come before us, in looking through the poetry of the year, more flat, more trite, or more feeble than the verſe of mrs. Hay.'—Annual Review.

Character of Rouſſeau. Tranſlation from Les Memoires de Mad. de Warens.

DURING my reſidence at Annecy M. de P. a curate in that quarter, recommend a young man to me, who had quitted Geneva, his native country, and who deſired to turn Roman catholic. Affected by his ſituation, I did him every ſervice in my power. My firſt care, I confeſs it freely, was to make him feel the deſpair into which he plunged his family by abandoning his paternal abode; but as he perſiſted in his reſolution, I ſent him to Turin to a monaſtery, where the proper inſtructions were given to thoſe who wiſhed to become Roman Catholics. After his abjuration, he paſſed ſome time at Piedmont, where I am aſſured that but for his inconſtancy, fortune offered him more than one reſource—his genius (and he had a great deal) being ſingularly effected by the peruſal of romances, ran inceſſantly after the fairies he had contemplated in works of that deſcription; ſo being conſtantly in expectation of an adventure, he could fix to nothing.

Rouſſeau reſembled no one—timid to an exceſs with regard to the fair ſex, the ſucceſs of his intrigue depended on his imagination, and according

cording as it appeared to his romantic brain, he believed himself happy or unhappy. He had a variety of talent, which would have rendered him charming in society; but, as fable fills the fields with zephyrs and nymphs, in the hope of meeting with an immortal, he preferred solitude to the real pleasure of making himself agreeable by the exercise of a musical talent, which he possessed in a considerable degree. Though full of knowledge, he did not shine so much as others less informed than himself. Notwithstanding an abundance of fire, he seldom indulged in general conversation: if he trusted himself to a tête-à-tête, he was soon drawn into enthusiastic reveries, his imagination transported him into enchanted palaces, and all that the poets have sung of the isle of Paphos, was far inferior to his delightful wanderings.

Can nature produce nothing perfect? Or does it please her to mingle with the gifts which she bestows on men of genius, a certain *je ne sais quoi*, which at times brings them down to the level of ordinary men; *Jean Jaques* was fashioned for celebrity, but his manner of thinking will, I believe, make him miserable.

He united qualities which appeared incompatible. Sensible and generous, his heart delighted in comforting the unfortunate. But little formed for gratitude, he soon forgot an obligation—often even his friends were to him but as monsters, which he shunned, without knowing why. Sometimes cherishing them, sometimes detesting them, he was for ever at contradiction with himself;—desiring to-day what he abandoned to-morrow, his way of thinking would not suffer him to embrace any party, or fix to any thing. On his return from Turin, whence he parted without cause, it was proposed to him at Annecy to go into the church—a few days disgusted him. I placed him with a music master, whom he quitted in a few months. He now travelled for some time, refused what was offered to him, undertook the education of one without finishing it, and came again to me during the first years of my residence at Chambery. He there appeared to have a decided taste for agriculture, and I took him to attend to the culture of the lands which I then had; but the shepherds and the nymphs of his imagination not being to be found there, as he fancied, his taste for the pursuit was soon gone. An opportunity now offered of putting him in a counting-house at Chambery, and my interest succeeded in placing him there—a very little of this quickly satisfied him. In a word, I neglected nothing to merit the name *Maman*, by which he sometimes called me. However *Jean Jaques* left Chambery without saying a single word; and my friend, mademoiselle du Ch——, whom he visited in passing through Lyons, informed me afterwards by the following letter, what ideas he entertained of me, and with what insult and outrage he repaid my generosity.

JAQUES.

On the Regalia of England.

THE reign of George I. was an unique in our history, he had a queen, who never received that title. She died but a little before him, a victim to suspicion and enfuriated vengeance. The most fortunate sovereign in Europe, this monarch seemed to regard his new dignity only as an incumbrance. He loved the sweets of private friendship and unconstrained ease. We see no alteration in our regalia under his government, only it was now necessary to provide a diadem for his elder son, the prince of Wales, for, except the ill-fated unfortunate son of James II. who was exiled whilst an infant, England had seen no Prince of Wales since the reign of

Charles

Charles I. The diadem of the heir apparent to England has two bears only; it is not worn, but is always on great ſtate occaſion ſet near the eldeſt ſon, or the eldeſt daughter, if there is no ſon.

The reign of George II. afforded nothing new, I belive, as to the regalia. The imperial crown muſt have been too large, unleſs the lining was proportionably filled up, as his majeſty was extremely dim nutive.

At the acceſſion of our preſent auguſt beloved ſovereing, it was very properly ſuggeſted, that as we had made ſo great a progreſs in all the fine arts, it ought to be ſhewn in nothing more than in the moſt ſplendid ornament of majeſty, the imperial crown; and accordingly it was new made, under the direction of Mr. Francis Groſe, a jeweller in London, but a native of Switzerland; and it muſt be confeſſed that it is very ſuperior in elegance of deſign and execution to the top of the croſs which ſurmounts the whole. It is adorned with 2621 brilliants of the fineſt water, furniſhed by Mr. Aaron Franks, ſeveral of which weigh more than one hundred grains, each, and in the whole, twelve ounces, or one pound troy weight. I have viewed it with peculiar pleaſure, more than once, in the tower, where it is kept with the other regalia, and when wanted for his majeſty, is taken to Weſtminſter, in a common hackney-coach, by confidential perſons. No accident has happened in the regalia that I know of, ſince that daring wretch, colonel Blood, ſtole the crown and ſceptre; the latter he broke in two, the better to conceal it. Happily the theft was in time detected, and the audacious theif ſeized, who coolly replied to the reproaches execrations he received, that it was a noble attemp, being nothing leſs than a deſign to gain a crown. Thoſe who ſhew the regalia, turn the key upon the company preſent. When ſome of it was intruſted to my hands, I remarked, 'you have a very great confidence in me:' the reply was, 'No, ſir, the door is faſtened;' which I ſoon perceived to be the fact, and I applauded the careful precaution, for thought I had no with to commit ſpoil, upon what I would ſpend my life to defend, yet the warder could not know the rectitude of my mind: and it may be obſerved that Blood perſonated a clergyman, the robes helping the better to conceal the robbery; at that time the clergy wore their gowns, and caſſocks at all times.

His majeſty, the queen, and other parts of the royal family, have great profuſion of gems of the fineſt water, and pearls of the clearest kind. Theſe, however, purchased out of individual income, are not national property. As we have now the land of diamonds and pearls, we ought to ſee the ſovereign and his family highly adorned with the treaſures of Golconda and Ceylon, as well as of other countries, which yield the precious ſtones of various colours *

NOTE,

* The Britiſh monarchs latterly have acquired no valuable jewels. Other kingdoms poſſeſs finer than his Britannic majeſty, The Pitt diamond purchased for 20,400*l.* weighing 106, carats, was ſold to the regent duke of Orleans, for 135,000 for the uſe of the ſovereigns of France, and is worn by the preſent ruler. Count Orloff gave 104,166*l.* to an American merchant for that which he preſented to the empreſs Catherine II. of Ruſſia: it weighed 193 carats. The diamond now owned by the grand dukes of Tuſcany, now belonging to the emperor of Germany, is valued at 117,013*l.*: it is called the Medici diamond. Thoſe of Portugal far exceed thoſe in dimenſions, but are inferior in colour. The value affixed to the largest weighing 1680 carats, exceeds credibility. It come from the Brazils, where there lately been found very productive diamond mines, but the ſtones are not of fine water being uſually of a yellow tinge. The Aſiatic ones of equal ſize generally ſell for more than theſe South-American ones.

As our prelates and nobility are often very rich, it might ſtrike a perſon not conversant in ceremonials, that a biſhop or a lay peer might ſo adorn their mitre or coronet, that it would vie with the crown in ſplendour. Jewels were diſcontinued in mitres after the reformation, and unleſs upon ſeals, carriages, or as ornaments, they now are entirely laid aſide. The lay peers bear their coronets at coronations, as do kings-at-arms, crowns; but there is always an eſpecial command that no perſon ſhall preſume to have any jewels or pearls in them; they are of gold, or of other metal gilt, ſo that the ſovereign, his conſort, and the princes and princeſſes are properly diſtinguiſhed by the reſplendency of their crowns or princely coronets, more than by their particular forms.

When the ſovereign goes to the houſe of peers, a cap of maintenance is borne by ſome one of the attendants. This is now of ermine. Anciently it was the abacot, which was made like a double crown, and richly ſet with jewellery. Henry VI. in his flight from the victorious Edward IV. loſt his, to his rival, and conqueror; for the man who had the care of it, by the ſwiftneſs of his horſe, was unſeated, and the brilliant prize fell unto the hands of the purſuers.

As I believe nothing of the like nature has ever been offered to the public, I humbly ſuppoſe this may not be an improper ſubject to offer to your elegant publication. I therefore requeſt its acceptance from,

Sir,

MARK NOBLE.

P. S.—It appears that Mr. Stevenant, jeweller, in Berwickſtreet, Soho, who died on April 15, 1771, was employed in ſetting the jewels on the crown, used at the coronation of his preſent majeſty. Let me remark that it was Berquen of Bruges toward the cloſe of the fifteenth century, who by cutting, gave ſplendour to diamonds, and conſequently much enhanced their value. The Flemiſh the Dutch and the French, excelled in cutting diamonds before us. The art appears to have been brought hither after the Reſtoration, and it was thought ſo excellent that William Forſter, who died in 1687, has it recorded upon his graveſlab in the church of St. Catherine Cree-church, that he was a diamond-cutter.

Hiſtorians.

'*DOCTORS differ*,' and ſo do *hiſtorians*, and to ſuch a degree that it is impoſſible to gueſs which ſpeaks the truth, admitting that any one ſhould be ſo accidentally.

Cicero, at the beginning of his firſt book *de Legibus*, writes thus '*Quintus*. Intelligo, te, frater, alias in hiſtoriâ leges obſervandas putare, alias in poëmate. *Marcus*. Quippe cum in illâ ad veritatem, Quinte, referantur, (rather *ad veritatem quæque referantur*) in hoc ad delectationem pleraque; quanquam et apud Herodotum, patrem hiſtoriæ, et apud Theopompum ſunt innumerabiles fabulæ.' Which ſignifies that different laws are are to be obſerved in writing hiſtory and in writing potery, as the principal merit of the former is *truth*, of the latter, *delight*.—Nevertheleſs, he admits that Herodotus, the father of hiſtory, and Theopompus, abound in fables, *aliàs* lies. From this father of hiſtory, throughout the family tree, this vice has been common, as it ſhall be my buſineſs with the utmoſt brevity to ſhew. All I aſk is what, I believe, will be readily granted to me; and that is, that if half a dozen men are divided, whether a thing be black or white, three at leaſt muſt be wrong, and at as this diſtance of time we cannot tell which three, they might as well, perhaps, be all in the ſame error.

George 1.

George the 1st was an honest dull German gentleman, lazy and inactive even in his pleasures, which were therefore lowly sensual. *Chest.*

† The most amiable monarch that ever filled a throne. *Addison.*

Importunity alone could make him act, and then only to get rid of it. *Chest.*

The consistency of his behaviour was such, that he inflexibly pursued those measures which appeared the most just and equitable. *Tindal.*

He spent his favourite hours in the company of wags and buffoons. *Chest.*

A wise, steady, and righteous prince, and worthy to be remembered with double honour. *Dr. Chandler.*

Attornies.

IT is a fact not to be contradicted, that full half the practice of the courts in *Term-time*, is interlocutory matter, arising from the malpractices, misconduct, ignorance, or disputes of attornies; and of all the professions and employments of life, not one is, in consequence of the odious vices of many of them, held in such universal detestation as that of an attorney. At Carisbrook, during the captaincy of Sir George Carey, from 1588 to 1603, no sooner did an attorney appear in the island, than he was, with a pound of candles hanging at his breech, lighted, and with bells about his legs, hunted out of this island. Balzac tells a story concerning a people in a valley in the south of France, near the Pyrenees, who for time immemorial lived in the most perfect peace and happiness, till an *attorney* came to live amongst them; from which time, till they drove him away, they were never at rest, or knew what it was to be friends.*

Some means should be devised of preventing improper admission of *attornies* as well as *barristers*, and the only effectual method seems to be, that of having every person, applying for admission, publicly examined as to his moral and professional character and fitness.† The tax on attornies clerks, being a tax on a particular set of men, already heavily taxed, is an invidious measure, and inadequate to the evils to be redressed; for though it may prevent the admission of necessitous persons, yet if a man have the ability to pay 100l. however ignorant or dishonest he may be, ‡ he is equally eligible as before; while perhaps a Murray, a Dunning, or an Erskine, might have been driven by such a tax to a trade. Sir S. Dodd, one of the judges, early in the last century, was at first an *attorney's* clerk, and while by his pen, he honourably earned his support in his progress to the bar, he had not the means of keeping up a fire in the winter, but in that season wrote in woollen mittens, with his feet plunged in a basket of hay. His entry into the profession would have been prevented by a large admission-fee. The same might perhaps be said of *lord chief justice* Saunders, who made his way in the profession by a similar path, while contending with still greater poverty. See an account of him in North's life of *lord Keeper* Guilford.

It was formerly the boast of this

NOTES.

* By the policy of the ancient common-law, that suits might not increase and multiply, both plaintiff and defendant in all actions appeared *in person*; but when the *statute of Westminster* and others had given permission to appear *by attorney*, it is scarcely credible how suddenly suits were multiplied.

† The 4th Henry IV. c. 18, directs that the judges shall examine the attorney before he is admitted, but it is not the modern practice to do so, unless such important questions as, '*do you intend to practise in town or in the country sir*, ?' can be called an examination.

‡ After serving, or swearing that he has served, according to the act.

country,

country, that every degree of eminence in any profeſſion was attainable by talents, integrity, and induſtry; but we may fairly doubt it in this particular; and, perhaps, ſafely queſtion whether the *late chief juſtice* or his *clerk* would have ever ſerved this country in their reſpective ſituations, if they had, in commencing their clerkſhips, had to aſcend the ſteep of a heavy pecuniary admiſſion.

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Anonymiana.

1. It is noted in the Menagiana, that the ſurname of *Devil* has been borne by ſeveral perſons.—On the other hand, there is a perſon of the name of *God* mentioned in Hall's Chronicle.—A lady called *Dea* in Miſſon.

2. The Engliſh word *to whiſper* is a mere technical word, and intended to expreſs the ſound. The ſame may be ſaid of the Latin *ſuſſerro*, the French *chuchuter*, both of which repreſent the action.

3. It is ſaid the peers ſit in the houſe in right of their baronies: but this cannot be true; for ſome peers never were barons; as Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk, was created at firſt viſcount L'Iſle, and never a baron: and I preſume there are other inſtances beſides. The caſe is, every *majus* includes its *minus*; and therefore, as a baron may ſit, every higher degree muſt enjoy the privilege.

4. The firſt book printed by ſubſcription, ſo far as I can recollect, is Minſhew's 'Guide unto the Tongues.

5. I know not where I picked up the following lines, but they are a ſevere ſatire on the inſatiability of proſtitutes.

'Celia's ſuch a world of charms,
'Tis heav'n to be within her arms;
Celia's ſo devoutly given,
She wiſhes every man in heav'n.'

6. I have known ſome, out of an affectation of the etymology, pronounce *onely* for *only*; ſpeaking the word as we do *one*, upon a preſumption that it was derived from that adjective: but I take it to be deduced, not from *one* but from *alone*; for it is written *alonely* twice in the letters which Anne Boleyn ſent to Cardinal Wolſey.

7. *Cancellæ* are lattice-work, by which the chancels being formerly parted from the body of the church, they took their names from thence. Hence too the court of *chancery* and the lord *chancellor* borrowed their names, that court being incloſed with open work of that kind. And ſo *to cancel* a writing is to croſs it out with the pen, which naturally makes ſomething like the figure of a lattice.

8. In the year 1745, when the Scotch rebels entered England, and a general conſternation was diffuſed over a great part of the north, a certain doctor preached upon Proverbs xxviii. 1. *The wicked flee when no man purſueth; but the righteous are bold as a lion.* But, before a week was at an an end, the doctor and his family were gone.

9. Edward III. claimed the crown of France in right of his mother; and when he ſet up his pretenſions, he aſſumed the arms of France, and placed them in the firſt quarter, and in that manner they continued to be borne reign after reign: and yet this is contrary to the cuſtom of marſhalling of arms on other occaſions, ſince the ſon of an heireſs always gives the firſt place to his paternal coat, and puts his mother's in the ſecond. How happened it then? I conceive it was done by Edward, in order to pleaſe the French, and to procure his more eaſy reception amongſt them; though others ſeem to think it was becau e France was the greater and more honourable kingdom.

10.

'*An Epigram.*

'Cain, in diſgrace with Heav'n retir'd to nod,

A place

A place undoubtedly as far from God
As he could wish; which made some think he went
As far as Scotland ere he pitch'd his tent;
And there a city built of antient fame,
Which he from *Eden Edenburgh* did name.

11. The opponent advanced an improbable supposition, upon which the respondent said, *Quid si ruat Cœlum.* The opponet replied, *Sub-limi feriam sidera vertice.* Whereupon professor James, who was then in the chair, put an end to the disputation, by saying, *Jam satis*, which are the next words that follow in the author, Horace.

12. The term *country-dance* is all a corruption of the French *contre-danse*, by which they mean that which we call a country-dance, or a dance by many persons placed opposite one to another; so that it is not from *contrée* but *contre.*

13. A bachelor of arts reading the first lesson, Gen. ii. spoke the second syllable short in the word Euphrates; upon which the following epigram was made:

. enit ad Euphratem, subito perterritus hœsit;
Transcot ut melius, corripuit *fluvium.*
He *abridged* the river.

14. A sharping attorney of Sussex (whom some would call the devil of Suffex, dying a day or two after ord chief justice Holt, Tom Toller said, 'there never died a lord chief justice but the devil took an attorney for a heriot.

15. Joshua Barnes, the famous Greek professor of Cambridge, was emarkable for a very extensive me- nory; but his judgment was not so xact: and when he died, one wrote r him,

Hic jacet Josiua Barnes,
felicissimæ memoriæ,
expectans judicium.

—Here lies Joshua Barnes of t happy memory, *waiting for* DGMENT.

16. Arthur Haslewood picked up a woman in the street at Norwich, in the dusk of the evening, and carrying her to a tavern he called for a pint of wine, and when the wine and the candle came, he saw she had but one eye, and was otherwise very ugly: so he cried, *Come drink and go*, and this afterwards became a by-word there. When Arthur was old, he married a young wife, and died soon after; whereupon the following epitaph was written for him:

An Epitaph upon Mr. Arthur Haslewood, a Goldsmith at Norwich.

Here honest toping Arthur lies,
As wise as good, as good as wise:
For fifty years he lov'd a w—e,
Nay, some will tell you till threescore;
But when upon the verge of life,
Nothing would serve him but a wife;
A wife he got with charms so, so,
Who tipped him off with *drink and go.*'

17. There were an hundred justices, says one, 'at the monthly meeting.' 'A hundred!' says another. 'Yes,' says he; 'do you count, and I will name them. There was justice Balance, put down one; justice Hall, put down a cypher, he is nobody; justice House, you may put down another cypher for him. Now *one* and *two cyphers* are an hundred.

18. When lord Muskerry sailed to Newfoundland, George Rooke went with him a volunteer: George was greatly addicted to lying; and my lord being very sensible of it, and very familiar with George, said to him one day, 'I wonder you will not leave off this abominable custom of lying, George.' 'I can't help it,' said the other. 'Puh!' says my lord, 'it may be done by degrees; suppose you were to begin with uttering one truth a day.

19. Dr. Thomas Terry, of Christ church Oxford, was a person of great learning, but no parts, and particularly a bad speaker: at last he got into a habit of beginning every thing he said, with *I say I say.* The

was ſo much taken notice of in the college, that the younger part of the ſociety would often ridicule him, and make a jeſt of him for it. Of this he was told by a friend and a ſcholar was mentioned that was wont to make free with him in that reſpect. The doctor went and complained to the dean, who accordingly ſent for the lad, and when he was come into the room, the dean deſired the doctor to inform the lad of his complaint againſt him, whereupon, turning to him, he began as follows, *I ſay I ſay, they ſay, you ſay, I ſay I ſay.* The lad ſtared; and, as not perfectly underſtanding him cried, 'ſir?' Then the doctor repeated his eloquent charge, *I ſay I ſay, they ſay, you ſay, I ſay I ſay.* The lad was ſtill under confuſion; upon which the dean explained the matter a little to him, gave him a ſhort reprimand, and diſmiſſed him; and ſo this wiſe complaint was determined.

20. The twilight, or rather the hour between the time when one can no longer ſee to read, and the lighting of the candle, is commonly called blind-man's holiday: *qu.* the meaning or occaſion of this proverbial ſaying? I conceive, that at that time, all the family being at leiſure to converſe and diſcourſe, ſhould there be a blind perſon in the family, it is the time when his happineſs is greateſt, every one being then at liberty to attend to, and to entertain him.

21. Cecil Clay, the counſellor of Cheſterfield, was a very ſenſible man; and yet he cauſed this whimſical alluſion, or pun, upon his name, to be put on his graveſtone, a cypher of two C's, and underneath *Sum quod fui.*

22. It is obſerved that projectors ſeldom advance their fortunes; numbers of them having been ruined. The name comes from *frogitio*, which ſignifies *to throw away*—money and

23. *Grandchild and grandchildren*—There is ſomething very abſurd in this. *Grandfather* is properly the *great* or *greater father*; but the caſe ſeems to be juſt the contrary with *grandchild*, who is the *little* or *leſs child*. The French therefore expreſs it much more ſenſibly than we do, by *petitfils*.

24. If a ducheſs, counteſs, baroneſs, being a widow, marries a commoner, ſhe loſes her rank, according to preſent uſage, which ſeems to be contrary to the ſtatute 21 Henry VIII.

25. It is a ſingular inſtance of the wiſdom and goodneſs of Providence that in the northern climes, where the ſcurvy prevails ſo much, *ſcurvy-graſs* is in a manner the only plant.

Benvenuto Cellini.

THIS famous ſculptor and engraver was born in Florence, in the year 1500.

He wrote his own life, which was tranſlated from the original Italian into Engliſh by dr. Nugent with fidelity and ſpirit, and publiſhed in 1771, in 2 vols. 8vo.

Of this book the following account was given in 1774. It is ſuppoſed to have been written by dr. Johnſon. but is it not inſerted in the collection of his works:—

'The original of this celebrated performance lay in manuſcript above a century and a half. Though it was read with the greateſt pleaſure by the learned of Italy, no man was hardly enough, during ſo long a period, to introduce to the world a book in which the ſucceſſors of St. Peter were handled ſo roughly. A narrative where artiſts and ſovereign princes, cardinals and courtezans, miniſters of ſtate and mechanics, are treated with equal impartiality.

'At length, in the year 1728, an enterpriſing [illegible]

poſſeſt

politeſt ſcholars in Europe, publiſhed this ſo much deſired work in one volume of 318 pages in quarto, and dedicated it to lord Boyle. The doctor gave the editor an excellent preface. The book is very ſcarce, in Italy; the clergy of Naples are powerful, and though the editor put *Colonia* inſtead of *Napoli* in the title-page, the ſale of Cellini was prohibited; the court of Rome made it an article in their *index expurgatorius*, and prevented the importation of the book into any country where the power of the holy ſee prevails.

'The life of Benvenuto Cellini is certainly a phenomenon in biography, whether we conſider it with reſpect to the artiſt himſelf, or the great variety of hiſtorical facts which relate to others. It is indeed a very good ſupplement to the hiſtory of Europe during the greateſt part of the ſixteenth century, more eſpecially in what relates to painting, ſculpture and architecture, and the moſt eminent maſters in thoſe elegant arts, whoſe works Cellini praiſes or cenſures with peculiar freedom and energy.

'As to the man himſelf there is not, perhaps, a more ſingular character among the race of mankind; he has no equal in the number of peculiar qualities which ſeparate him from the reſt of the human ſpecies.

'He is at once a man of pleaſure, and a ſlave to ſuperſtition, a deſpiſer of vulgar notions, and a believer in magical incantations; a fighter of duels, and a compoſer of divine ſonnets; an ardent lover, and a retailer of viſionary fancies; an admirer of papal power, and a hater of popes; an offender againſt the laws, with a ſtrong reliance on Divine Providence. If I may be allowed the expreſſion, Cellini is one ſtriking feature added to the human form, a prodigy to be wondered at, not an example to be imitated.

'Though Cellini was ſo blind to his own imperfections as to commit the moſt unjuſtifiable actions, with a full perſuaſion of the goodneſs of his cauſe, and the rectitude of his intention, yet no man was a keener and more accurate obſerver of the blemiſhes of others; hence his book abounds with ſarcaſtic wit and ſatirical expreſſion. Yet though his portraits are ſometimes groteſque and overcharged from miſinformation, from melancholy, from infirmity, and from peculiarity of humour; in general it muſt be allowed that they are drawn from the life, and conformable to the idea given by cotemporary writers. His characters of pope Clement VII. Paul III. with his baſtard ſon, Pier Luigi, Francis I. and his favourite miſtreſs, madame d'Eſtampes, Coſmo, duke of Florence, and his ducheſs, with many others, are touched by the hand of a maſter.

'General hiſtory cannot deſcend to minute details of the domeſtic life and private tranſactions, the paſſions and foibles of great perſonages; but theſe give truer repreſentations of their characters than all the elegant and laboured compoſitions of poets and hiſtorians.

'To ſome, a regiſter of the actions of a ſtatuary may ſeem a heap of unintereſting occurrences; but the diſcerning will not diſdain the efforts of a powerful mind, becauſe the writer is not enobled by birth, or dignified by ſtation.

'The man who raiſes himſelf by conſummate merit in his profeſſion to the notice of princes, who converſes with them in a language dictated by honeſt freedom, who ſcruples not to tell them thoſe truths which they muſt deſpair to hear from courtiers and favourites, from minions and paraſites, is a bold leveller of diſtinctions in the courts of powerful monarchs. Genius is the parent of truth and courage; and theſe, united, dread no oppoſition.

'The Tuſcan language is greatly admired

admired for its elegance, and the meaneſt inhabitants of Florence ſpeak a dialect with the reſt of Italy are proud to imitate. The ſtyle of Cellini, though plain and familiar, is vigorous and energetic. He poſſeſſes, to an uncommon degree, ſtrength of expreſſion and vigour of fancy.

Of the works of Cellini, which are ſtill preſerved, one was deſcribed by Twiſs in his *travels in Portugal and Spain*, as follows :—

'In the church of the Eſcorial, behind the choir, is an alter, over which is a repreſentation, as large as the life, of Chriſt on the croſs: the body is of white, and the croſs of black marble. This is the celebrated crucifix, ſculptured by the no leſs celebrated Benvenuto Cellini. This artiſt publiſhed a book on ſculpture, and the method of working gold, dedicated to cardinal de Medicis, in quarto, Florence, 1568. In page 56, he ſays, 'Though I have made many ſtatues of marble, yet I ſhall only mention one, it being one of the moſt difficult parts of the art, to repreſent dead bodies; this is the image of Chriſt crucified, in carving of which I took great pains, working with all the attention and care which ſuch a ſubject requires, and I knew that I was the firſt who ever carved a crucifix in marble. I finiſhed it in a manner that gave great ſatisfaction to thoſe who ſaw it: it is now in the poſſeſſion of the duke of Florence, my maſter and benefactor. I placed the body of Chriſt on a croſs of black carrara marble, which is a ſtone ſo extremely hard, that it is very difficult to cut it.'

Cellini likewiſe mentions this crucifix in his life. He ſays, 'having completely finiſhed my marble crucifix, I thought that if I raiſed it a few cubits above the ground, it would appear to much greater advantage than if it were placed immediately upon it; ſo I began to ſhow it to whoever had a mind to ſee ſuch an exhibition. The duke and ducheſs being informed of this, one day upon their return from Piſa, came unexpectedly with a grand retinue to my work-ſhop, in order to ſee this image of Chriſt upon the croſs; it pleaſed them ſo highly, that their excellencies, as well as all the nobility and gentry preſent, beſtowed the higheſt encomiums on me. When I found that it gave them ſuch ſatisfaction, by their extolling it to the ſkies, I with pleaſure made them a preſent of it, thinking none more worthy of that fine piece of work than their excellencies.'

Vaſari, in his lives of painters and ſculptors, ſays, 'Cellini likewiſe made a Chriſt upon the croſs, as big as the life, a moſt exquiſite and extraordinary performance. The duke keeps it as a piece upon which he ſets a very great value, in the palace of Pitti, in order to place in the little chapel, which he is erecting there, and which could contain nothing more grand, nor more worthy of ſo illuſtrious a prince; in a word, this work cannot be ſufficiently commended.

'The grand duke Coſmo ſent it as a preſent to Philip II. It was landed at Barcelona, and was carried from thence to where it now is, on men's ſhoulders. At the foot of the croſs is inſcribed, '*Benvenutus Zelinus, civis Florentinus faiciebat* 1562' It is certainly the fineſt crucifix extant. At this time (1773) the prieſts had, by way of ornament, tied a purple velvet gold laced petticoat round the waiſt of the ſtatue, and which deſcended below the knees.'

At Florence, under one of the arches in the ſquare before the old palace, in 1769, was a large ſtatue in bronze, of Perſeus, holding in one hand his ſword, and with the other ſhewing the head of Meduſa, which he had cut off. This is alſo by Cellini, who has likewiſe deſcribed it in his life.

In the firſt volume of the *Micro-*

coſm

...ory, in the account of the armoury in Carlton Houſe, it is ſaid, 'The fineſt ſword in this collection is one of excellent workmanſhip, which once belonged to the celebrated patriot Hampden, the workmanſhip of Benvenuto Cellini, the famous Florentine ſculptor.'

Peter Torrigiano, who executed the monument of Henry VII. in Weſtminſter Abbey, endeavoured to bring over to Cellini to England to aſſiſt him; but Cellini diſliking the violence of his temper, who uſed to boaſt that he had given the divine Michael Angelo a blow in the face with his fiſt, the marks of which he would carry to the grave,* refuſed to come with him. Vaſari who was contemporary with Cellini, ſpeaks of him in the higheſt terms. He was originally a goldſmith and jeweller, and executed ſmall figures in *alto* and *baſſo relievo*, with a delicacy of taſte and livelineſs of imagination not to be excelled.

The ornaments on the hilt and ferrule of the ſcabbard of this curious ſword are in baſſo-relievo in bronze, and are intended to illuſtrate the life

N O T E.

* This event happened in the palace of Cardinal de Medicis: Torrigiano being jealous of the ſuperior honours paid to Michael Angelo, brutally ſtruck him in the face; his noſe was flattened by the blow. The aggreſſor fled, and entered into the army, but being ſoon diſguſted with that kind of life, left it, and came over to England.

As this is a remarkable incident, it may be corroborated by the following extract from the life of Michael Ange o Buonaroti:—

'This famous painter, ſculptor, and architect, was born in Tuſcany, in 1474. He became the pupil of Ghirlandaio, and from him entered the ſchool opened by Lorenzo de Medicis for the ſtudents of deſign and ſculpture, and at his very onſet gave ſuch ſpecimens of genius, that his fellow-ſcholar, Torrigiano, whether provoked by envy, or the intolerance of ſuperiority, ſhattered with a blow of his fiſt, the cartilage of his rival's noſe, and left him to bear the mark for life.'

of David: it is a moſt beautiful piece of work, and in the higheſt preſervation; it is kept in a glaſs caſe lined with ſatin.

At Strawberry-hill * two pieces of Cellini's ſculpture are preſerved. As they are invaluable *uniques*, all that is known about them ſhall be told.

In Lyſon's *Environs of London* is ſaid, after the deſcription of the houſe, &c.—'In a glaſs caſe, in the tribune, or cabinet, is the beautiful ſilver bell of Benvenuto Cellini, covered with antique maſks, inſects, &c. exquiſitely wrought in alto relievo, ſo as to bear the minuteſt inſpection with a glaſs.' In the catalogue it is thus deſcribed:—'A moſt beautiful ſilver bell, made for a pope, by Benvenuto Cellini. It is covered with antique maſks, flies, graſhoppers, and other inſects; the virgin and boy-angels at top, a wreath of leaves at bottom. Nothing can exceed the taſte of the whole deſign, or the delicate and natural repreſentation of the

N O T E.

* As it is probable this may be read by many foreigners and others, who are not acquainted with the locality of this houſe, it may not be improper to add, that Strawberry-hill is ſituated thirteen miles from London, a mile beyond Twickenham, and that it was a ſeat of the late lord Orford (Horace Walpole,) at preſent of the honourable and ingenious mrs. Damer, whoſe talents in ſculpture are univerſally known and admired. It is built in the Gothic ſtyle, both within and without, from models of cathedrals. The windows are of ſtained glaſs. There are ten rooms, a gallery, and a library, filled with books, pictures, miniatures, ſculptures, antiques, relics, and curioſities of every kind. The garden contains a gothic chapel, with a curious Moſaic ſhrine. The houſe may be ſeen with tickets which admit four perſons at once, between May 1ſt and October 1ſt, by application to mrs. Damer; it merits the notice of every traveller of genius as much as any palace in Europe may be thought to do. The late noble proprietor, who made the collection, as well as formed the houſe and garden, left a catalogue and minute deſcription of the whole, and they are inſerted in his works, which conſiſts of five volumes in quarto.

inſects;

insects: the wonderful execution makes almost every thing credible that he says of them in his life. It came out of the collection of the marquis Leonati at Rome, and was bought by the marquis of Rockingham, who exchanged it with mr. Walpole for some very scarce Roman medals of great bronze, among which was an *unique medaliuncino* of Alexander Severus, with the amphitheatre, in the highest preservation.'

The other piece is a fine silver trunk to hold perfumes, with bas-reliefs; the top from Raphael's judgment of Paris; the work of Benvenuto Cellini. Bought of the great-duke's wardrobe. A present from sir Horace Mann.

Mr. Walpole himself mentions the bell as follows:—One of the pieces in my collection which I the most highly value is, the silver bell with which the popes used to curse the caterpillars; a ceremony I believe now abandoned. La Hontan, in his travels, mention a like absurd custom in Canada, the solemn excommunication by the bishop, of the turtle-doves, which greatly injured the plantations.

'For this bell I exchanged with the marquis of Rockingham, all my Roman coins in large brass. The relievos representing caterpillars, butterflies and other insects, are wonderfully executed.

'Cellini, the artist, was one of the most extraordinary men, in an extraordinary age. His life, written by himself, is more amusing than any novel I know.'

Gerald Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, Obiit* 1514.

KILDARE was in government

N O T E.

* Gerald Fitzgerald, earl of Kildare, was descended from a family very illustrious and renowned for the achievements of its members, by whose means, as it is said by an ancient author, *(a)* 'the English were able to keep possession of the coast of (South) Wales, and to force the strong holds of Ireland.

mild, to his enemies stern, to the Irish such a scourge, that, rather for despite of him than for favour of any party, they relied for a time to Ormond, and came under his protection, served at his call, performed by starts (as their manner is) the duty of good subjects.

Ormond was secret, and of great forecast, very staid in speech, dangerous of every trifle that touched his reputation.

Kildare was open and plain, hardly able to rule himself when he were moved in anger, not so sharp as short, being easily displeased, and sooner appeased.

Being in a rage with certain of his servants, for faults they committed, one of his horsemen offered master Boyce (a gentleman that retained to him) an Irish hobby, on condition that he would pluck an hair from his beard. Boyce taking the proffer at rebound, stept to the earl (with whose good nature he was thoroughly acquainted,) parching in the heat of his choler, and said, 'so it is, and if it like your good lordship, one of your horsemen promise me a choice horse, if I snip one hair from your beard.'—'Well,' quoth the earl, 'I agree thereto; but if thou pluck any more than one, I promise thee to bring my fist from thine ear.'

The branch of this good nature hath been derived from him to an earl of his posterity, who being in a chafe, for the wrong saucing of a partridge, rose suddenly from the table, meaning to have reasoned the matter with his cook: having entered into the kitchen, drowning in oblivion his challenge, he began to commend the building of the room, wherein he

N O T E S.

(a) 'Historia Vaticinalis,' or ancient prophecy in *Giraldus Cambrensis*' Itinerarium Cambriæ, l. c. 12. See also his Panegyric on the *Giraldæ*: Hibernæ Expugnatio, c. 11. The *Giraldæ* were a race once as famous as the *Talbots* or the *Nevills*. [1]

[1] Pat. 2. E. IV.

was at no time before, and so leaving the cook uncontrolled, he returned to his guests merrily.

This old earl being, as is aforesaid, soon hot and soon cold, was of the English well beloved, a good justicier, a suppressor of the rebels, a warrior, incomparable; towards the nobles that he fancied not, somewhat headlong and unruly. Being charged before Henry the Seventh for burning the church of Cathell, and many witnesses prepared to advouch against him the truth of that article, he suddenly confessed the fact, to the great wondering and detestation of the council: when it was looked upon how he could justify the matter: 'by J——,' (quoth he) 'I would never have done it, had it not been told me, that the archbishop † was within: and because the same archbishop was one of his busiest accusers there present, the king merrily laughed at the plainness of this nobleman, to see him alledge that thing for excuse, which most of all did aggravate his offence.

The last article against him they conceived in these terms: 'Finally, all Ireland cannot rule this earl.'—'No?' quoth the king; 'then in good faith shall this earl rule all Ireland.

Thus was this accusation turned to a jest: the earl returned to his country lord deputy, who, notwithstanding his simplicity in peace, was of that valour and policy in war, as his name bred a greater terror to the Irish than other men's arms.

In his wars he used, for policy, a restless kind of diligence, or a heady carelessness, to the end his soldiers should not faint in their attempts, were the enemy never of so great a power. Being general in the field of Knocktowe, where, in effect, all the Irish rebels of Ireland were gathered against the English pale, one of his captains presented him with a band of Kearnes, even as they were ready to join battle, and withal demanded of the earl, in what service he would have them employed? 'Marry,' quoth he, 'let them stand by, and give us the gaze.'

Such was his courage, that notwithstanding his enemies were two to one, yet would he set so good a face on the matter, as his soldiers should not once suspect, that he either needed or longed for further help.

Having triumphantly vanquished the Irish in that conflict, he was shortly after, as well for that as his other valiant exploits, made knight of the garter; and in the fifth year of Henry the Eighth, in that renown and honour he died, wherein for the space of many years he lived.—*Holinshed.*

NOTES.

† The archbishop of Cashel. The cathedral, the interior of which was burned by the earl of Kildare in the year 1495, was an ancient and most beautiful Gothic structure. It was long esteemed the finest, in point of architecture, of any stone building in Ireland. It stands on a steep rock.

'When furious winds the lands deform,
Old Carwell' (*a*) church defies the storm.'

The Psaltar of Cashel is still extant, and highly esteemed; it was written by *Flan*, king of Ireland, A. D. 908.

(*a*) Archbishop *M'Carwell*, 1269.

Genealogical Account of the Family of Wellesley.

To the Editor of the Hibernian Magazine.

SIR,

AN account of the family of Wellesley cannot be uninteresting to your numerous readers. I therefore transmit a brief extract, which I have made concerning them.

Sir Dudley Colley succeeded to the baronetage, 1637, and was father of Elizabeth, who maried Garret Wellesley, esq. of Meath, whose son, leaving no issue, devised his whole property to Richard Colley, one of his mother's

mother's family. Sir Dudley was ſucceeded by Sir Henry, who, by his marriage in 1674 with mary, daughter of Sir William Uſher, had Henry and Richard. Henry in 1719 married lady Mary Hamilton, daughter of James 6th earl of Abercorn, and ſiſter of Lady Elizabeth, who married William Brownlow, eſq. and was mother of Elizabeth, who married John Veſey, 1ſt lord Knapton, grandfather of the preſent viſcount de Veſci, and father of viſcounteſs Pery, and viſcounteſs Northland, and of the wife of Sir Robert Staples, bart. father of Iſabella, who married Gerald Fitz-Gerald, eſq. ſon of the late right hon. colonel Fitz Gerald, by his ſecond wife, the younger ſiſter of and coheireſs with Alicia, widow of Stephen Caſſon, eſq. of the Queen's county, who died 1773, leaving Stephen, a barriſter who practiſed at Bengal, and other iſſue. Richard Colley, before named, was the firſt aſſumed the name Welleſley, was created baron Mornington, 1746, and was father of Garret, advanced 1766 to the titles of viſcount Welleſley and earl of Mornington, who by Anne Hill, daughter of the 1ſt. viſcount Dungannon, was father of Richard Colley, the preſent marquis, of ſir Arthur, born 1769, the hero of Talavera, now viſcount Wellington, and other iſſue. The preſent marquis was, for his ſignal ſervices in India, raiſed to that dignity, 1799 having previouſly been created an Engliſh Baron, 1797. W. W.

How to get rid of a Wife.

JOHN DE CAMOIS AND LADY, TEMP. EDWARD I.

WITH reſpect to the breaking the matrimonial chain, we have often, among the loweſt of the people, heard of a *Smithfield* bargain; that is, a *tender* huſband has *adorned* the waiſt, we will ſuppoſe, of his *accompliſhed* wife with a *halter*, taken her to the public market, and there ſold her to the *beſt bidder*, and has afterwards been fooliſh enough to imagine, that he had by this ſimple method, which may be termed a *jactitation*, *transferred* his *baronial* rights, and was at liberty to ſeek another *feme*.

Such, our experience has taught us, was and is the opinion, and (we fear) the practice, of a very great number of the lower order of the people. 'Their ignorance muſt plead their excuſe,' we think we hear it obſerved. 'Granted!' But what if they ſhould, be able to urge a ſtronger plea, we mean *preſcription*, which, hoared over by time, may, for aught we know, have become cuſtom. Yet ſo it is, as the following inſtance will evince.

John de Camois, ſon of lord *Ralph de Camois*, 'of his own free will gave and' (to ſpeak in the words of the parliament rolls) 'demiſed his wife Margaret, daughter and heireſs of John de Gaideſden, to ſir William Painel,* Knight, and *gave*, *granted*, *releaſed*, and *quitted* to him, all the goods and chattels that he had, or might hereafter have; and alſo whatever was his of the ſaid Margaret's goods and chattels, with their appurtenances; ſo as that neither he, nor any officer in his name, ſhould or might make any demand or claim on the ſaid Margaret, for the goods and chattels of the ſaid Margaret, henceforth for ever.'†

This was according to the ancient phraſe, *ut omnia ſua ſecum haberet*, packing her off *bag* and *baggage*. In conſequence of this grant, the claiming dower in the manor of *Torpull*,‡ which belonged to *John de Camois*, her firſt *huſband*, occaſi-

NOTES.

* With whom the had cohabited, *Dugd.* I. 767.

† Rot. Parl. 30 Edward I.

‡ Broadwater, Devonſhire.

oned

oned a remarkable ſuit, which ſhe loſt, it being determined that 'ſhe had no right to dower from thence.' Upon this occaſion, ſays the hiſtorian,* 'I confeſs myſelf *aſhamed* to mention this; but I ſee *Pope Gregory* was not miſtaken when he wrote to *Lanfranc*, archbiſhop of Canterbury, 'that he learned there were certain perſons in Scotland, that not only *forſook* but *ſold* their wives; whereas in England they *gave* and *granted* them away.'

EARL OF ORMOND.† OBIIT 1546.

THIS earl was a goodly and perſonable nobleman, full of honour, which was not only lodged inwardly in his mind, but alſo he bare it outwardly in countenance. As frank and as liberal as his calling required. A deep and a far reaching head. In a good quarrel rather ſtout than ſtubborn, bearing himſelf with no leſs courage when he reſiſted, than with honourable diſcretion when he yielded. A favourite of peace, no furtherer of war, as one that preferred unlawful quietneſs before upright troubles, being notwithſtanding of as great wiſdom in the one, as of valour in the other. An earneſt and zealous upholder of his country, in all attempts rather reſpecting the public weal than his private gain, whereby he bound his country ſo greatly unto him, that Ireland might with good cauſe wiſh, that either he had never been born, or elſe that he had never deceaſed, ſo it were lawful to crave him to be immortal, that by courſe of nature was framed mortal. And to give ſufficient proof of the entire affection he bare his country, and of the zealous care he did caſt thereon, he betook in his death-bed his ſoul to God, his carcaſe to Chriſtian burial, and his heart to his country; declaring thereby, that where his mind was ſettled in his life, his heart ſhould be there entombed after his death. Which was according to his will accompliſhed. For his heart was conveyed to Ireland, and liets engraved in the choir of the cathedral church in Kilkenny, where his anceſtors for the more part are buried. Upon which kind legacy this epitaph was deviſed.

Cor patriæ fixum, jam redditur illi,
Poſt mortem, patriæ quæ peracerba venit.
Non ſine corde valet mortalis vivere quiſque,
Vix tua gens vita permanet abſque tua.
Quæ licet infaelix extincto corde fruatur,
Attamen optato vivere corde nequit.
Ergo quid haec faciat? quem re non poſſit amorem
Cordi ut tam caro reddere corde velit.

The effect of which epitaph is thus Engliſhed.

The living heart where lay engraven
the care of country dear,
To country lifeleſs is reſtor'd
and lies engraven here.
None hearthleſs lives: his country then
alas what joy is left,
Whoſe hope, whoſe hap, whoſe heart he was,
till death his life bereft.
And though the ſoil here ſhrouds the heart
which moſt it wiſht t' enjoy,
Yet of the change from nobler ſeat
the cauſe doth it annoy.

NOTES.

* Camden.

† James the ninth earl of Ormond, lord high treaſurer and admiral of Ireland, was ſurnamed the *Lame*. He had a conſiderable ſhare in the reduction of the rebels in that country, in the reign of Henry VIII. He was poiſoned, with thirty-five of his ſervants, at a ſupper at Ely-houſe, 1546, and was buried in St. Thomas d'Acres (Mercers) chapel, Cheapſide.

In this chapel were ſeveral monuments of the Butler family, viz. James Butler, fifth earl of Ormond, (a) and his counteſs, erected 8th Henry VI.

Thomas Butler, ſeventh earl of Ormond, great grandfather to queen Anna Bullen, 1515.

Sir Thomas Butler, grocer, mayor 1515, &c. &c.

Over againſt *Ipres Inn*, in Knightrider's-ſtreet, at the corner of *St. James's, Garlick-hithe*, was ſome time a great houſe built of ſtone, called *Ormond place*, for that it was the reſidence of the *earls of Ormond*.—*Stow*.

(a) This nobleman was beheaded at Newcaſtle.

What honour then is due to him,
for him what worthy rite?
But that each heart with heartiest love,
his worthy heart may quite.

This earl was of so noble a disposition, as he would sooner countenance and support his poor well-willer in his adversity, than he would make or fawn upon his wealthy friend in prosperity.

Having bid at London, not long before his death, the lady Gray, countess of Kildare, to dinner, it happened that a soldier, surnamed Power, who lately returned fresh from the emperor his wars, came to take his repast with the earl before the messenger. When the earl and the countess were set, this roisting ruffekin, wholly then standing on the soldado hoigh, placed himself right over against the countess of Kildare,* hard at the earl of Ormond his elbow, as though he were hail fellow well met. The nobleman, appalled at the impudent faucines of this malapert soldier (who notwithstanding might be borne withal, because an unbidden guest knoweth not where to sit) besought him courteously to give place. The earl, when the other rose, taking upon him the office of a gentleman usher, placed in Power his seat, his cousin Edward Fitz Gerald, now lieutenant of her majesty's pensioners, who, at that time being a young stripling, attended upon his mother the countess, and so in order he set every gentleman in his degree, to the number of fifteen or sixteen, and last of all the company, he licensed Power, if he would, to sit at the lower end of the table, where he had scantly elbow room.

The countess of Kildare perceiving the nobleman greatly to stomach the soldier his presumptuous boldness, nipt him at the elbow, and, whispering softly, besought his lordship not to take the matter so hot, because the gentleman (the meant Power) knew, that the house of Kildare was of late attainted, and that her children were not in this their calamity in such wise to be regarded.

'No lady,' quoth the earl, with a loud voice, and the tears trilling down his leers, 'say not so; I trust to see the day when my young cousin Edward, and the remnant of your children (as little reckoning as he maketh of them,) shall disdain the company of any such ship-jack.' Which prophecy fell out as truly as he foretold it, only saving that it stood with God his pleasure to call him to his mercy before he could see that day, after which doubtless he longed and looked, I mean the restitution of the house of Kildare.—*Holinshed.*

NOTE.

* This kind of soldier, from whom *Shakspeare* most unquestionably drew both the characters of *Parolles* and *Pistol*, was a *common nuisance* in those times.

THE ENGLISH GIANT AND LORD MONTFORD.

THIS nobleman, who was, with respect to size, diminutive, was, in his time, (more than half a century ago), considered as a man of strong sense and real humour; qualities that led him, not only frequently to remark with keenness and asperity upon others, but also endued him with great good nature, to receive and laugh at jokes, though they were sometimes levelled at his minute person. Of this we have heard an instance.

A very tall man was, under the appellation of the *English giant*,† exhibited

NOTE.

† This was the travelling appellation of ——— Bamford, a hatter, in Shire-lane, Temple-bar, whom we remember to have been a man of a most extraordinary size. There is extant a mezzotinto print of him, leaning over a bass viol: this print is, we think, called the Catch Club, and contains also the portraits of other choice and harmonic spirits. He had a considerable share of humour; a voice deep and sonorous, well adapted to his figure, which was in height

qited in Cockſpur-ſtreet. The people were then rather more attached to fights than they are at preſent: all the world ran to ſee the tall man, and, among the reſt, lord Montford eſcorted a party of ladies. It is a foible of our ſex, but bordering extremely upon a virtue, that when in company with females, every one loves to ſhine. This paſſion predominant in lord M—: in the preſence of the tall man he was extremely brilliant; the ſubject elicited good things, and he was not a niggard of them. The ladies were in high ſpirits, the tall man himſelf laughed, and every one was pleaſed with the vivacity of the peer. When the curioſity of the company was ſatisfied, his lordſhip approached this *giant*, in order, as is uſual, to make him the proper compliment; he held out his money to him, but the former receded from his advances; and, when lord M. preſſed the remuneration upon him, ſaid, '*My lord, it is impoſſible for me to take the fee for this exhibition; for I do aſſure your lordſhip if you conſider me as a curioſity, I think you equally ſo; and if you have been gratified with the ſight of me, I have been, if poſſible, ſtill more entertained with having the honour and pleaſure of ſeeing you.*

Some hitherto unpubliſhed particulars relative to John Coan, the Norfolk Dwarf.

NOW we are upon the ſubject of ſize it may be proper to commemorate the above-named perſon, who was much better know by the apella-

N O T E.

more than eight feet. He ſung in the choruſes at Covent-garden theatre, and (as we have before obſerved) played the Dragon in the Dragon of Wantley; a piece in which the combat of Moore of Moore-hall and the Dragon was intended to ridicule that of *Signior Nicolini* with the Lion, of which ſuch humorous mention is made by Addiſon, 13 Spectator. N. B. Bamford was a deviliſh ſurly dragon.

tion of 'THE NORFOLK DWARF:' he once exhibited himſelf at *Bartholomew fair*, and many other places, with ——*Bamford*, whom we have mentioned in the note. He alſo played to the company at Tunbridge the fine Gentleman in Lethe; and having a theatrical turn, very frequently uſed to rehearſe prologues and ſpeeches from plays for the amuſement of his numerous viſitors. Reſpecting anecdotes of this nature, *Dr. Johnſon* ſays, that every man poſſeſſes ſome, and no one a great many. Thoſe of *Coan* have been ſo frequently before the public, that we ſhould not have thought of making any addition to them, had we not very often ſeen and heard of him, and, in a philoſophical point of view, conſidered him as a very extraordinary perſon. He was in height very little more than three feet; and about the years 1762, though than under thirty-five years of age, exhibited all thoſe marks of decay concomitant to a much more advanced period of life; his complexion was ſallow, his ſkin much wrinkled; and to his external ſymptoms of decrepitude, we believe, his feelings correſponded; for upon being, by a lady, aſked reſpecting his health he ſaid, 'ah, madam, I have already

'Fallen into the *ſear* and *yellow* leaf;'

which was actually the caſe; for we think that he did not ſurvive many years after.

At this period he was, under an engagement, reſident with the well-known *Mr. Pinchbeck*, at a houſe of entertainment, to which was attach-

N O T E.

* From the circumſtance of his having been born at Twitſhall, in Norfolk (in 1728) He was weighed by William Arderon, F.R.S. April 3, 1750, and then weighed only 34 pounds. He was alſo at the ſame time meaſured, and his height, with his hat, ſhoes, and wig on, found to be 38 inches.

ed

ed a *tea-garden*, which was called 'THE DWARF TAVERN,' in the Five Fields, Chelsea. Here the poor little fellow was, in consequence of his numerous visitors, very frequently harassed to death; from the house to the garden, from one set of company to another, he, has the principal object of attraction, was continually urged to exertions, till, when the evening came, with strength and spirits equally exhausted, he was glad to retire to rest.

We have heard that, like the *little Woman* mentioned in the Spectator, his principal foible was a love of dress; a foible which he might indulge at a cheape rate, in consequence of the small quantity of cloth or silk that made him a suit. We have remember to have seen him in *blue* and *gold*, *purple* and *silver*, and the last time, when he was much indisposed, in *light blue* and *silver*, bag wig, &c. We have heard, that in select parties he appeared to be a man of good understanding, and to have read a great deal, particularly dramatic works. He was, in general an agreeable companion, had a good voice, and, when he was in spirits, was famous for setting the table in a roar, by getting upon it, and singing the song of 'THE COCK,' which he did with infinite vocal humour, and most inimitable action. The death of this harmless, and indeed entertaining, little man was lamented by many, particularly by those who had for years profited by exhibiting him; who, to continue that *profit*, exposed his corpse to the inspection of the public as long as possible; and when this was removed, still endeavoured to attract company to view his effigy, which was, we think, for a considerable time exhibited.

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*John Palmer, Comedian.**

GARRICK was one day, in company, speaking difficulties attendant upon theatrical management, with respect to the repression of those jealousies and heart-burnings which too frequently arose from *casting* of *parts*: a circumstance that, he observed, had given him more trouble than any other in his situation. 'There's *Palmer*,' said he,' a useful actor, but the greatest coxcomb upon earth: I had a part of considerable importance to put into his hands; † but I well knew, that if I had offered it in the ordinary way, I should have had a hundred *hums* and *ha's!* so how do you think I managed him?'

'Nay, that it is impossible to guess,' was the reply.

'Why, I'll tell you,' continued *Garrick*; 'at the *reading*, he did not seem to like the piece; so I took him aside, and said 'My dear *Palmer*, I intend that you shall play such a part in it.' '*Mr. Garrick!*' he returned, drawing up. 'I do indeed, my dear boy; there is not such a figure for it as yours in the company, and you shall have the *finest suit of cloathes*.' Down dropped at once the kimboed arms of *Palmer*; his countenance brightened in an instant, and he answered, with a smile, 'Well, if it will oblige *you*, Mr. Garrick.' 'To be sure it will,' I cried, 'and the public too. The dress shall be magnificent.' 'And I,' said Palmer, 'will endeavour to do my best in it.'

This little colloquy betwixt the

NOTES.

* Respecting this very excellent actor we must, for the sake of distinction, observe, that he married miss Pritchard, the daughter of the celebrated actress (they resided in Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields); and, although he had been a little wild in in his youth, made her a most exemplary husband.

† This part was, we think, the part of Sir Brilliant Fashion, in 'The Way to Keep Him;' which was, by the author, (*b*) altered from a piece of three acts, played in the summer, (*c*) to one of five acts; in consequence of which some new characters were introduced.

(*b*) Murphy.

(*c*) After the Deserted Island.

manager

manager and actor, in which *Garrick* displayed his talents for *mimicry* with the greateſt affect, delighted the company; one of whom told the writer of this ſhort anecdote, that he never afterwards ſaw Palmer, but he thought of the *magnificent ſuit* of cloaths.*

A Horſe Cauſe.

EVERY one who has been in the habit of attending courts of judicature muſt have obſerved, that cauſes of this nature abound; and that if they are profeſſionally productive, they are certainly diſgraceful, in many inſtances, to thoſe who, as it has been ſaid, occaſionally ſport them.

Theſe kinds of actions were very frequently tried before the late lord Mansfield, and as frequently reprobated by him. Upon one of thoſe occaſions, when the noble and learned judge was obliged to examine a queſtion of horſe warrantry, it happened that the witneſſes were pretty equally pitted. Half a dozen at leaſt ſwore that the beaſt was ſound when delivered, and about the ſame number depoſed the contrary. Upon this legal equilibrium, which ſeemed metamorphically to place in the hands of the court the true balance of juſtice, mr. Mingay, who was advocate for the plaintiff, obſerved, that 'there was nothing he delighted ſo much in as cauſes of the nature of that before the jury, becauſe he had himſelf ſuffered ſo much from horſe-dealers.'

'And yet,' ſaid lord Mansfield, very cooly, 'I never, mr. Mingay, recollect your making any one of the deceptions practiſed upon you the ſubject of an action.'

'No, my lord,' replied mr. Mingay, 'I know better! I am very ready to conduct the actions of others to the beſt of my abilities; but I am, I hope too wiſe, to go to law on my own account.'

How to keep a Shirt Clean.

IN the courſe of the examination of a pawn-broker before a magiſtrate in Worſhip-ſtreet, reſpecting a miſtake in the delivery of a corporeal tegument, an Iriſh labourer, who was the complainant, ſtated, that he could not be miſtaken with reſpect to his ſhirt.

'Why?' ſaid the magiſtrate.

'Becauſe why! your worſhip! I takes it out of pawn every Saturday night.'

'Take it out of pawn every Saturday night! What then, my friend, do you pledge your ſhirt every week?'

'I do, your worſhip! I has but two, on and off, as we ſay.'

'Well, but what induces you weekly to pawn one of them?'

'Why, plaſe your worſhip! I have no box to put it in; ſo when I gets my ſhirt waſhed at the beginning of the week, I takes it to the pawnbroker's your worſhip, in order that when I fetches it out on Saturday night, I may find it *clane* for Sunday.'

To the Editor of Hibernian Magazine.

On the Increaſe of Titles.

SIR,

THE rage for obtaining titles and hereditar

NOTE.

* This ſuit of cloathes we will remember, and think that our correſpondent has properly enough termed it *magnificent*. The period at which it appeared was juſt before that in which ſplendid and ſolemn foppereis gave place to a plainneſs of dreſs, whoſe only fault it is, that it ſeems to level *all diſtinctions*. If a man was now to appear anywhere, but at court, in ſuch a ſuit of cloathes as that which we have mentioned, he would be followed as *a ſight*, and perhaps inſulted for his finery. How well he would deſerve it the reader will judge, when he is told, that the ground of the dreſs alluded to was of a moſt beautiful purple velvet, wove and cut in a *Moſaic Pattern*, which conſiſted of a number of lozenges, of purple and ſilver, and in the middle of every lozenge was looſely tacked a large ſilver, ſpangle. Theſe, conſequently, played with the motion of the arms and body and exhibited a brilliancy of affect, ſuch as has been ſeldom equalled.—EDITOR.

hereditary diſtinctions has of late years increaſed aſtoniſhingly. During his majeſty's reign, the peers of England and Ireland have been doubled, and the baronets have never been ſo numerous as they are at preſent; thoſe of England amount to 561, thoſe of Scotland 148, and of Ireland 103; making in all 812. This ſtatement, one would think, either argued amazing magnanimity and talent in our countrymen, to be able thus to ſwell our liſt of worthies, or that it afforded a convincing proof of their exceſſive vanity. When we look candidly into the cauſe, we ſhall indeed find it highly creditable to our country; for we ſhall obſerve, that at leaſt one half of this honourable body is compoſed of men rewarded for their merits, and that to the other half the motive of vanity is falſely and invidiouſly aſcribed. The people of this country, ſir, have of late been gradually refining, or, if I may ſo term it, the lower orders of the community have been trying to reduce to the ſame level with themſelves, the well born, the well educated, and the affluent; and accordingly, all kinds of fraud and corruption are exerciſed, in order to enable them to effect this by the aid of dreſs, and every ſpecies of imitation. Hence, is it to be wondered at, that the man whoſe family has enjoyed for many generations hereditary poſſeſſions, ſhould feel himſelf ſomewhat mortified at the upſtart pride I have alluded to? He ſeeks title, therefore, not from vanity, not from any wiſh of having additional ſuperiority, but only from the honeſt deſire of maintaining that, which nature has allotted to him. How is the wife of a man of fortune to be diſtinguiſhed now? Are not thoſe perſons who are moſt decidedly her inferiors addreſſed by the ſame appellation? Who is there that is not now dubbed an eſquire and a gentleman? From the diſtant time of William the Conqueror to the days of James I. we find every man poſſeſſing a certain tenure compelled to be a knight; and now that knighthood is rendered an inferior order by the introduction of baronetage, it certainly ſhould be the aim of every man to get himſelf enrolled in this reſpectable order, who poſſeſſes upwards of a thouſand a year in landed property; I am far from including other men, even did their incomes amount to double or treble this ſum; it would be hard to ſay what ſort of a medley we might then have! Landed property ſhould alone be included, for this revolves unalienably to the heirs through ſucceſſive ages and thus the rank can never be left unſupported: the poſſeſſors of this are far more reſpectable than other perſons, ſince it gives them a ſort of preſcriptive right over their tenants, which money cannot procure: it is by the landed intereſt that a man can be fairly and honourably returned to parliament; it is by this that that uſeful body the militias of the kingdoms are at once raiſed, headed, and protected; and ſervices of this latter nature are alone ſufficient to entitle a man to ſuch a reward at his majeſty's hands, and to authorize his beſtirring himſelf to obtain it. Some late miniſterial papers announce the intention of government to create ſeveral gentlemen of Ireland baronets on this very account.

To the Editor of the Hibernia Magazine.

An Eſſay on Senſibility.

MR. EDITOR,

BEING ſome time ago in a public ſociety in the metropolis where ſenſibility became the ſubject of diſcuſſion, I was rather ſurprized to find that amongſt a variety of argumentators a very inconſiderable number were found to eſpouſe the cauſe and ſtand forth the champions of that no-

ble attribute, and thoſe few who did endeavour to ſupport it, made uſe of ſuch very weak and lame arguments that they muſt have tended I fear rather to raiſe objections than to allay thoſe already brought forth by the ſpecious pleadings of ſephiſtry and apathy. There were not wanting on the occaſion ſeveral who aſſerted that ſenſibility could not even be defined; now mr. editor, I will be candid with you, and acknowledged that the higheſt gratification and delight of which my nature has ever been ſuſceptible have ariſen from the faſcinating quality, and I therefore conſider it a debt of gratitude to vindicate the ſame from the aſperſions I have heard caſt upon it at other times as well as the one to which I have here alluded; and in the hopes that you will have the goodneſs to indulge a conſtant reader with a ſpace in your columns, for the purpoſe I now ſit down to offer my humble ideas on the ſubject.

In the following eſſay I will firſt define what is ſenſibility, in my eſtimation it is but ſynonimous with the word ſoul: it appears to me unqueſtionably to be that etherial ſpark that emanation from the divinity, in which he has graciouſly been pleaſed to conſtitute our reſemblance to himſelf; it is the ſpring of noble and generous actions, it is the foundation of happineſs here and of thoſe feelings which in the opinion of Theologiens are to conſtitute our felicity in the ſtate to come. It is the principle diſtinction between the man and the brute. Three ſprings of action are to be found in the truly wonderful compoſition of man. The firſt is the ſenſual appetites which we feel in common with other animals; theſe impel us to ſatisfy the cravings of our hunger and thirſt, to ſhield our bodies from the viciſſitudes of the ſeaſons, to ſhrink from pain, and to follow indiſcriminately every propenſity of our animal nature. The ſecond ſpring of action is ſenſibility, which ſweetly inclines us to ſatisfy the cravings of the hunger and thirſt of our fellow creature, to ſhield their bodies from the viciſſitude of the ſeaſons, to ſhrink from their pain and to procure them pleaſure even not unfrequently at the expence of our own. Pity, compaſſion, love, and all the generous catalogue of ſocial virtues are the offſpring of ſenſibility. The ſweet paſſion of love, when found to exiſt only in a promiſcuous meeting of the ſexes, whether of animals, or of the ſelf-brutalized libertine, can then only be deſignated that ſenſual inclination which we experience in common with the brute-creation; (a harſher name would be much more appropriate and almoſt indiſpenſible in ſuch a diſquiſition, but this delicacy forbids.) This delightful paſſion when corrected by ſuſceptibility, is excluſively confined to the endearing reciprocity of affection and friendſhip between two, and is the ſource from whence flow the dear ties of huſband, wife, father, mother, ſon, daughter, brother, ſiſter, and the other degrees of conſanguinity. Reaſon is the third ſpring of action; this is the noble prerogative which muſt pronounce on the merits and demerits of ſenſibility: ſuſceptibility may prompt us to relieve a poor hungry diſtreſſed fellow-creature, but if at the ſame time we knew the object to be an idler, a gambler, or an hypocrite, reaſon argues that by relieving him under thoſe circumſtances we encourage indolence, the fatal propenſity to play, or other vices, in this caſe yielding to the dictates of ſenſibility in defiance to the conviction of reaſon would be a weakneſs, nay it would be a crime. Senſibility is the mind that wafts us along towards the heaven of felicity, reaſon is the pilot. Suſceptibility may lead us to regret a matrimonial connection, and impel us to wiſh for the diſſolution of ſuch a tie, that we might unite our affections to a more deſirable object; reaſon

ſon forbids and imperiouſly dictates to us to remain true to our ſolemn engagements, and to repreſs feelings which lead us to the commiſſion of guilt. Suſceptibility might tend to ſuicide and other dreadful cataſtrophes, when not reſtrained by reaſon. Few men poſſeſs ſenſibility in a very eminent degree, but all men (in their ſenſes) poſſeſs ſufficient reaſon to guide them in their voyage through life.

Reaſon, mr. editor I ſhould preſume to have no diſadvantages: ſuſceptibility certainly poſſeſſes ſome, though theſe ſink comparatively almoſt to nothing when contraſted with its advantages,

To aſcertain the true value of any thing, we muſt take a comprehenſive view of its good and bad qualities, and as either preponderate we form our deciſion. A good thing may be abuſed, the right uſe and the abuſe differ very materially, and ſuch abuſe can never be advanced as an argument againſt the uſe; the right uſe of ſuſceptibility or any other thing, is its application or enjoyment according to the deſign of the great beſtower of all things; the abuſe of ſuſceptibility or any other thing is the miſuſing it, or perverting to ſome other end than the direct one, for which it was given for the ſake of gratifying propenſities, which reaſon and conſcience convince us are wrong; for example it was baſely yielding to an exceſs of ſenſibility or rather abuſing it, that cauſed the unfortunate Werter, to precipitate himſelf into eternity; had he not abuſed this precious gift, but permitted his reaſon to guide it into a proper channel, he would have broken off the connection with Charlotte, the very moment it became incompatible with honor; his ſenſibility then would have been requited by a mutual interchange of affection with ſome other amiable perſon not pre-engaged, he might then have been by the proper uſe of ſenſibility under the guidance of reaſon, a happy huſband, a fond father, and a reſpectable member of the community; whereas by the abuſe of this exquiſite faculty, he rendered himſelf, together with a charming woman, her worthy huſband and ſeveral other perſons truly wretched, and dreadful to relate, even endangered (to ſay no worſe) his eternal welfare by the perpetration of a crime which the Chriſtian conceives of all guilt to be moſt offenſive to the ſupreme being. Thus the abuſe of ſenſibility cannot operate to its prejudice, in this inſtance the diſgrace muſt attack to the perſon ſo perveſtine one of the beſt endowments of his Creator. I will intrude mr. editor, on your patience with another inſtance to illuſtrate the abuſe of ſenſibility. A perſon being his friend in diſtreſs, relieves him by accommodating him with his name or property, to a larger degree than the paramount conſideration of his own family ought to permit him; he is by this friend's misfortune or fault himſelf, reduced to a ſimilar ſituation; his wife, his family, an aged parent perhaps, have the firſt claims upon him, yet from the abuſe of ſenſibility, he cauſes the unhappineſs of theſe his new relatives, and is probably the means of throwing ſeveral accompliſhed daughters, brought up with all the delicacy and indulgence experienced under the roof of a tender father, to the inſults and dangers of a hard unfeeling world, while he himſelf perhaps obliged to become a voluntary exile from his native country, languiſhes out a premature old age in ſome ſervile capacity in a foreign land, far from his once loved home and its affectionate inmates, whom he has the conſcious regret of having ruined; aggravated by the reflection that had he uſed his ſenſibility under the guidance of reaſon, they might have ſtill been happy.—This is not a picture from fancy only, mr. editor.

The

The Switzers, who are proverbial for the love of their country, when in the ſervice of foreign princes, have been ſo affected by a favourite national air, called, "*La Banche des Vaches*," that it is well authenticated fact, that under the influence of their feelings drawn forth by this tune, numbers have deſerted, others have become melancholy mad, and ſome have died outright of grief or committed ſuicide. It was afterwards prohibited to be performed under ſevere penalties. This is a melancholy inſtance of the abuſe of ſuſceptibility, and we may juſtly exclaim what heroiſm and virtue would not this quick apprehenſion of ſenſibility have produced if properly uſed under the direction of reaſon and religion! Although theſe are fatal effects of the abuſe of ſentiment, yet they cannot be adduced as arguments to prove that it is detrimental to mankind. Some diſadvantages, however, do ſubſiſt, and to which the votaries of ſenſibility are all liable, even when applying their feelings under the proper guidance of reaſon; and theſe latter it is which can only in a logical point of view be conſidered as diſadvantages, and as ſuch be fairly oppoſed to the benefits it diffuſes amongſt men. In the firſt example of Werter, had he when he found he could not overcome his fatal attachment otherwiſe then by removing himſelf from the object, until the lenient hand of time had healed the wound, he would have ſuffered much; this ſtate of ſuffering would have been one of the diſadvantages of ſenſibility. Likewiſe in the ſecond caſe, the perſon who would not riſk the proſperity of wife, children, father, mother, and other dear relatives, nor let his abuſe of ſenſibility deſtroy them; he would, in thus permitting his reaſon to gain the aſcendancy over his feelings, have guided his ſenſibility to its proper courſe, and preferred the welfare of thoſe who had ſuch irrefragable claims on him to the welfare of one friend; he would, however, have ſuffered much in not being able to relieve his friend's diſtreſs, and in witneſſing his deſtruction. This ſorrow (which as a man of feeling we may well ſuppoſe to be acute) is another proof of the diſadvantages of ſenſibility.

Now, mr. editor, I will have the pleaſure of engaging your attention to a more agreeable ſide of the picture, namely, the advantages which this noble and infatuating attribute produces. As already intimated in the firſt part of this eſſay, I conſider ſenſibility to be the ſpring from whence derive a multitude of virtuous and heroic actions. The pure, diſintereſted, ſincerity and faithful attachment of love is certainly the fruit of ſenſibility. The fervor of piety flows from the ſame ſource; one of the principal orders of celeſtial ſpirits, denominated Seraſohim, are repreſented as peculiarly endowed with this divine quality. A man may be a good man with a moderate ſhare of ſenſibility, yet he cannot be an exalted man without a larger portion.—It was ſuſceptibility which moved that great philantrophiſt, the generous Howard, to travel thro' Europe, to ſpend the faireſt portion of his days in exploring priſons and dungeons, to alleviate the affliction of the wretched.

Senſibility does not always meet with opportunities of ſhewing itſelf in outward acts, it often burſts forth in the ſilence of the cloſet; in reading an affecting paſſage, in that honeſt heart-ache we feel for the woes of a fellow-creature, when the tear of ſympathy bedews the cheek; there are moments when the affections of the heart become almoſt irreſiſtable, a degree of tenderneſs like a torrent bears down and abſorbs for the time every other conſideration, and creates a ſoothing and pleaſing melancholy that defies all power of

language.

language. An inſtance of the luxury illicited from a lawful and rational indulgence of theſe finer feelings of the ſoul, was never more conſpicuous than ſome time ago, in the Private Theatre, Fiſhamble-ſtreet, at the commemoration of Carolan, in the Iriſh Harp Society.

The intereſting ſpectacle of a poor blind and aged minſtrel, the laſt of his race, the peculiarly wild and plaintive notes of the harp, the retroſpect which immediately flaſhed on the mind of the age in which the original bard flouriſhed, the memory of our anceſtors, the idea of thoſe ages paſt and gone when the muſic ſo long obſolete was univerſal throughout the country, the delightful romantic recollection of old caſtles and chieftains long ſince mouldered in the duſt, the drawing forth of that affection we feel for the land of our nativity, the ſoothing ſtrains floating on the moſt awful ſilence, the big tear that beſpoke many a feeling heart: In ſhort, mr. editor, the pathos of that moment would require an Oweneon or a Moore to deſcribe! The luxurious ſenſation of ſuch a moment, render one conſcious of the dignity of human nature. In proportion as we poſſeſs ſenſibility, and rightly apply it under the influence of reaſon and religion, it approximates us to perfection: in a future ſtate our happineſs will conſiſt in the pure and fervent indulgence of theſe delightful feelings, unalloyed by thoſe painful emotions which, to wean us from too great a love of this imperfect ſtate, and for his other wiſe purpoſes, our benevolent Creator has permitted here, during our progreſs to that undeſcribable ſtate of felicity—ſenſibility ſmoothens the rugged path.

The advantages ariſing from a right uſe of ſenſibility, exceed, very much indeed the diſadvantages, ergo, ſenſibility is deſirable, as tending in a very eminent degree to the happineſs of mankind! L. A. B.

Waterford, Oct. 24, 1809.

Characteriſtic Anecdote of Women:

MR. BEDYARD was a native of America: he accompanied capt. Cooke round the world, travelled on foot through more than half of the globe, and died in Egypt in the year 1788. The following characteriſtic anecdote, related by him, is not less beautiful than juſt. "I have always obſerved," ſays this careful obſerver of manners, "that women, in all countries, are civil, obliging, tender, and humane: that they are inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modeſt; and that they do not, like man, heſitate to perform a generous action. Not haughty, arrogant, or ſupercilious, they are full of courteſy, and fond of ſociety: more liable, in general, to err than man; but in general alſo more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. To a woman, whether civilized or ſavage, I never addreſſed myſelf in the language of decency and friendſhip, without receiving a decent and friendly anſwer; with man it has been often otherwiſe. In wandering through the barren plains of inhoſpitable Denmark, through honeſt Sweden and frozen Lapland, rude and churliſh Finland, unprincipled Ruſſia, and the wide ſpread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or ſick, the women have ever been friendly to me, and uniformly ſo; and, to add to this virtue, (ſo worthy to be called benevolence), their actions have been performed in ſo free, and ſo kind a manner, that if I was dry I drank the ſweeteſt draught, and if hungry I ate the coarſeſt morſel, with a double reliſh." What a beautiful eulogium, and how juſtly due!

SELECT

SELECT POETRY.

The Two Beauties.

AS every woman thinks her charms
Beſt ſuited for ſome lover's arms;
No Jack but has his Jill they ſay,
As in the night all cats are grey;
So will ſhe vaunt, and nought can ſtop her,
Her beauty, be ſhe fair or copper.
An European ſparr'd they tell,
Once with a Senegambia belle:
Cried the white beauty, frank and free,
'Poor tawny wretch, I pity thee.
Look at thy features, coarſe and vile,
What nature made thee, with a ſmile
She ſaid, I form'd this thing ſo rare,
Men to inſult, and children ſcare.'
'And you,' cried Bronze, 'that glaſs but view,
And ſay why nature hath made you?
Of dough half leaven'd the juſt type,
Or meat not done, or fruit half ripe;
That to take form has juſt begun,
But never felt the genial ſon.'
They both grew warm, and both called names;
When one was aſk'd to judge their claims;
A Frenchman, who, in flattering words,
As boys lay birdlime to catch birds,
Prais'd the attractions, ſo divine,
Of beauty born this ſide the line.
'Thou'ſt won thro' perjury,' cried Dingy,
I am a ſtranger far from India.
But had we in my country been,
He, from all prejudice exempt,
And held your perſon in contempt:
This man in Europe did his duty,
But he's no judge of Africk beauty.

The Novice.

AN actreſs, of but little art,
Knew not the nature of her part.
'Girl,' cried her mother, in a rage,
You'll never do to tread the ſtage;
Mind me—you are your part to act
Exactly as if 'twere a fact.
Your character's a princeſs, ſlighted
By one to whom ſhe had been plighted;
Who has her tender boſom torn,
And all his oaths and vows forſworn;
Of honour and of worth bereft,
Her he ſhould wed has vilely left.
This is the part; this is the woe;
And I ſhould only like to know,
Were you yourſelf in the ſame plight,
Did you ſuſtain ſo vile a ſlight,
Were you in this poor princeſs' place,
And had experienced ſuch diſgrace,
Would not you, ſinking in deſpair,
Go into fits, and tear your hair;
Bewail your lot, in horror frantic,
And ſcream, and act a very antic?
Would not you make a piteous pother?
'Me, ma'am! oh no! I'd get another.'

The Sparring Match.

A NOTED Engliſhman of faſhion
Took pleaſure in a curious paſſion,
For racing maggots, trotting ponies,
To the great wonder of his cronies.
But moſt his natty name was quoted
As a great boxer, rum and noted.
All ſuch as in this fun delighted
To his cottage orné were invited,
Where lords and blackguards, on a par,
Drank claret, or were taught to ſpar.
An emigrant, I believe a duke,
His invitation once partook:
He prais'd the treatment of his hoſt;
But that which he admir'd the moſt,
And long'd to learn, with his compliance,
Was ſparring, that accompliſh'd ſcience.
The hoſt politely, at the call,
Invited him to try a fall.
The ſervants ſoon the mufflers bring;
The company all form a ring;
When like Big Bens, or Crabs, or Cribs,
He threw his gueſt, and broke two ribs.
The viſitor, quite ſtunn'd and lam'd,
This friendly ſalutation blam'd;
And ſaid, 'twas ſhame one of his quality
Should thus break through all hoſpitality.'
The hoſt ſaid, when he'd play'd this prank,
'You've no one but yourſelf to thank:
Beſides, I'd have you know,' ſaid he,
'You greatly are oblig'd to me;
I've twenty taught to ſpar, and more,
Yet never ſhew'd that trick before.'

The Actreſs.

A DASHER, four in hand who drove,
Fell with an actreſs deep in love,
And, come what would, that he might carry her,
Had even half a mind to marry her:
But, ere for better and for worſe
He took her, leſt ſhe prov'd a curſe,
He thought he might as well attend
To the tried counſel of a friend.
The friend awhile let him go on,
Heard all his reaſons pro and con,
And anſwer'd, gravely, ſince, you ſee,
You thus ſubmit your caſe to me,
I'll give the beſt advice I can.
You have two ways the thing to plan:
Marry the lady if you chooſe,
And treat the town with nine days news;
Then for the long robe glorious ſport!
Carry your horns into a court,
And there you'll ſet your mind at eaſe,
By getting ſwinging damages:

Or,

Or, if you like such counsel better,
Since as you say you can't forget her,
Rather than garnish thus your hat,
For scorn to point his finger at,
Leaving such pranks to stupid ninnies,
Give her, as I did, twenty guineas.

The Spendthrift.

A SPENDTHRIFT, overwhelm'd in debt
And taken ill, appeared to fret,
Not for himself, but for those friends
Who lent their cash to serve his ends.
Confiding to a priest his grief,
He vow'd he only ask'd relief,
On their accounts, whom, should he die,
He never then could satisfy.
'Oh could I but survive,' cried he,
'From creditors to get once free,
'No ancient soph, or stoic firmer,
'I'd life resign without a murmur.'
'Well,' cried the priest, 'there's likelihood
'You'll live, your motive is so good;
'And all relief, I hope and trust,
'Will find who are so good and just.'
The patient thank'd him, became gay,
And kindly wish'd him a good day.
Then, turning to a bosom friend,
He said his fears were at an end.
'Oh, what a Galen! life's insured me,
'By words, which even now has cured me!
'And if I, for the shades below,
'Ne'er part till I shall nothing owe,
'My life and I shall never sever,
'For then, friend, I shall live for ever.'

To Delicacy.

O NYMPH, with mind refin'd, and gentle mien,
Who with the giddy throng art never seen
At midnight revels, and gay masquerades;
Thy modest eyes their manners free distress,
The look intrepid, and immodest dress,
Low in thy estimation them degrades.

The artful leer, th' ambiguous meaning sly,
The vulgar phrase, and insolent reply,
Thy bosom scorn'st—yet know'st thou how to chide,
To blunt the edge of satire's pungent dart,
(Wounding, with pangs severe, the worthy heart)
And check th' unfeeling insolence of pride.

Virtue's pure thoughts, enchanting fair, are thine,
Ne'er in her sacred cause wert thou supine,
Nor unbelov'd the spotless chasteful mind;
Yet in bright candour's mirror thou dost view
Egregious folly childish sports pursue,
And simple vanity to error blind.

Thy azure eyes n'er languishing appear,
But down thy cheek oft rolls the pitying tear,
Like dew drops glist'ning on the lily fair;
Whene'er of woe thou hear'st a hapless fate,
Thou bid'st depart fell want, and sorrow pale,
And unseen, giv'st the boon to banish care.

From envy's grin——effrontery's marked gaze,
The fawning libertine's too-fulsome praise,
(Suffusing oft thy cheeks with crimson hues),
Far would'st thou fly, and seek some lov'd retreat,
Where innocence has fix'd his peaceful seat,
Who joys refin'd unceasingly pursues.

But where can'st thou retire, O heav'n-born-maid!
What hallow'd spot remote, what rural shade,
From envy, vice, detraction to be free?
Not all, thy sweet retiring charms admire,
Beauty's soft arts, more homage, love inspire,
And scants the meed of praise, fair nymph, to thee. J. S.

No Longer.

YOU ask me if I *truly* love—
And can you then a doubt retain?
Ah! if you can—that doubt remove,
And let me swear it o'er again.

'Yet what are vows?' I hear you cry,
'They are but unsubstantial air,
And like the warm and melting sigh,
That's breath'd, and *goes* we know not where.'

Yet when it *comes*, you surely know—
Is't not the heart that gives it birth:
And is it not a proof of woe,
For do we ever sigh in mirth?

Yes, yes, my vows are like a sigh,
And from the heart too are they heav'd;
No longer then their truth deny,
No longer say they're disbeliev'd.

Then doubt *no longer* that you're lov'd,
And ah! *no longer*, let me pine,
For sure my vows have truly prov'd,
The heart that utters them is thine!

Lips

Lips and Eyes.

IN Celia's face a queſtion did ariſe,
Which were more beautiful, her lips, or eyes?
'We,' ſaid the eyes, 'ſend forth thoſe pointed darts,
Which pierce the hardeſt adamantine hearts.'
'From us,' replied the lips, 'proceed thoſe bliſſes,
Which lovers reap by kind words and ſweet kiſſes,
Then wept the eyes; and from their ſprings did pour
Of liquid oriental pearl a ſhower.
Whereat the lips, mov'd with delight and pleaſure,
Through a ſweet ſmile unlock'd their pearly treaſure,
And bade Love judge, whether did add more grace,
Weeping or ſmiling pearls to Celia's face.

J. S.

Impromptu, by Eyles Irwin, Eſq. on the victory of Talavera, 28th July, 1809.

NO more ſhall Britain boaſt her fleets alone,
Whoſe armies from a bulwark to the throne!
The Gallic eagles,* wont uncheck'd to roar,
From Nilus now unplum'd, to Biſcay's ſhore!
And as, of Hawke ſtill emulous and Howe,
Our Nelſon twin'd freſh laurels round his brow;
The ſcale aſcending in the naval war,
Till Vincent's day was veil'd by Trafalgar
So, firſt impell'd by Churchill's youthful fire,
See Welleſley's courſe from height to height aſpire:
When leaving far the trophies of Aſſaye,
From nobler foes he ſnatch'd Vimiera's day,
From Luſitania chas'd theſe modern Huns,
Beyond where Traſos throats, and Douro runs:
Thence, quick aſcending Tagus' golden tide,
Like lightning ſtruck Napoleon's giant pride.
Iberia taught, in Talavera's field,
A deſpot's numbers muſt to valour yield;
If juſt the cauſe, for which the ſoldier bled,
By freedom prompted, and a Welleſley led!

Epigram on the two Statues erected on the New Covent-garden Theatre.

WITH ſteady mien, unalter'd eye,
The muſes mount the pile,
Melpomene diſdains to cry,
Thalia ſcorns to ſmile.

NOTE.

* At the battles of Alexandria, Maida, Corunna.

Pierta's ſpring when moderns quaff,
'Tis plainly meant to ſhow
That Comedy provokes no laugh,
And Tragedy no woe.

DEATH.

In Limerick, October, 31, the remains of mrs. Sarah Watſon, who died at her ſon's houſe, in Mary's ſtreet, on Monday morning, were interred in St. Munchen's church-yard; the concourſe of reſpectable friends, with the multitude of thoſe who knew her beſt evinced the eſtimation in which ſhe was held. She died in her 84th year, and though for nearly the laſt four years ſhe was confined to her rooms, bereft alſo of ſight, ſhe could recognize the voice of a friend, whether that friend was rich or poor; and to the latter ſhe expreſſed jealouſy in not being viſited oftener.—Mrs. Watſon, was the widow of *John Watſon* of the Highland Watch, (or the regiment now numbered 42d, or Royal Highlanders,) which regiment above 60 years ago, coming to this city, were ſo much admired by the females, that many of the moſt reſpectable girls were married, as well to the officers as to the privates; and it is in the recollection of the writer of this article, that Sally Johns, (which was her maiden name), felt herſelf more exalted in being the widow of *handſome Johnny Watſon*, than when her brother, Joſeph Johns, was elected mayor of the city, in the year 1773.—The beloved huſband of her choice, died in Staten Iſland, after the taking of Havannah, leaving his beloved widow ample property to ſupport herſelf and two ſons, namely *James*, and *Andrew*; the former (after fighting under admiral Rodney, and directly under the command of ſir Charles Douglas and admiral Gardner,) died at Torvey, while commanding the Spider ſloop of war:—her other ſon *Andrew*, who has been at the eſtabliſhment of that immortal and long known loyal Newſpaper, THE LIMERICK CHRONICLE, of which he is proprietor, has filled the office of ſheriff for this city, when rebellion aſſailed its environs for five aſſizes, without having the painful duty of witneſſing the ſentence paſſed on a ſingle culprit; and like the mother who bore him, appears to enjoy the pride of ſpringing from the loins of a good ſoldier, than if his carriage was emblazoned by a gifted herald.—Strange as it may appear, the deceaſed and revered widow Watſon, who never had but two ſons, were attended in her chamber and at her grave by *one ſon*, and 25 grand and great grand children! May my life and laſt end be like that of this venerable Chriſtian.